JOHN BULL, Week ending April 22, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1975

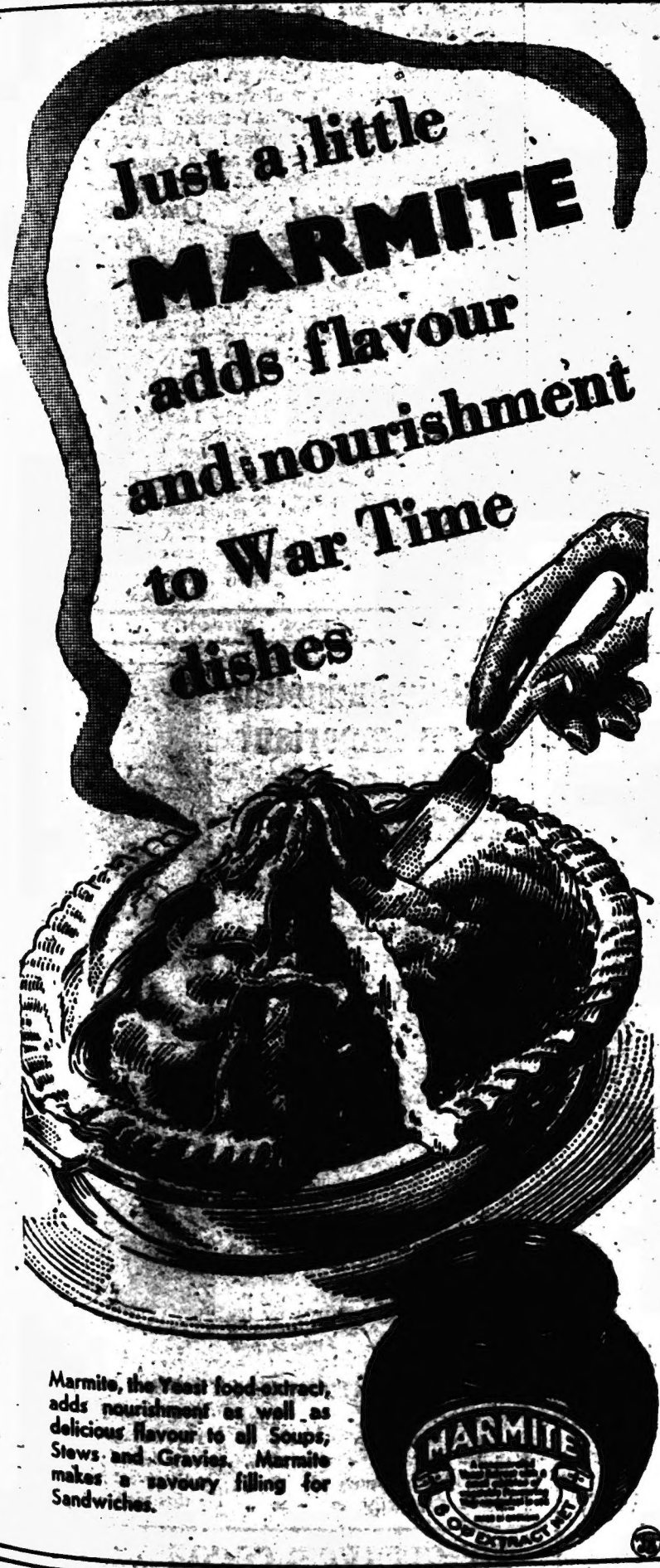
3D EVERY THURSDAY

A LESSON FOR ALL OF US By The EDITOR

WHO IS TO BLAME? asks SWAFFER

COME OFF THE FENCE By A.G.G.

Just a little MARMITE adds flavour and nourishment to War Time dishes



Marmite, the Yeast food-extract, adds nourishment as well as delicious flavour to all Soups, Stews and Gravies. Marmite makes a savoury filling for Sandwiches.

You'll enjoy your Guinness— it'll do you good

G.E.1179.E.

When you get that empty feeling your energy for the job is declining and your output will drop. You can revive your energy and ward off fatigue if you eat an occasional biscuit—the ingredients, wheat, sugar and fat are recognised as energy-creating foods. And what is also important, they give a touch of variety to war-time diet. So take a few biscuits to your work—even though they are scarce they are still the best points value.

CVS-89

Her teeth are YOUR concern—

Every mother wants her children to grow up with strong, firm white teeth, safe from the danger of decay. Make sure of this by giving them the right care when they are young. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'*, which corrects acid-mouth, so often the cause of dental trouble. The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant, mild flavour. Sold everywhere 1/1d. *and* 1/10½d.

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

FOOD FACTS

DO come on, Mummy!

Yes, the babies are getting along all right. And so they should, with the Welfare Foods and special milk, eggs, etc., in addition to their rations. *But what about their mothers?* The fact is that *you mothers are not paying enough attention to your own food.* It's a woman's instinct to give the lion's share of the larder to the man of the house, to give the tasty bits to the children. But if you go short of your own rations, then fatigue, "nerves", and short temper are bound to result. Your family would much rather have you fit and cheerful than have your rations! And that *is* the choice. So don't make do with a bun and a cup of tea for the mid-day meal and *do* eat all your own rations and allowances.

The Oslo Meal

On days when you are too busy to cook for yourself, why not have an Oslo Meal. In spite of its name it is good British food. Incidentally, it's grand for the children, too, and they love it. It consists of bread and butter, a piece of cheese or some canned herring or pilchard and a large salad of uncooked vegetables—watercress or cabbage heart for instance—shredded and tossed in salad dressing.

Palette Salad

Ingredients: 3 oz. shredded cabbage, 4 oz. grated beetroot, 2 oz. grated parsnip, 1 oz. chopped leek, 2 oz. carrot cut in strips. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Lay shredded cabbage in oblong dish. Arrange a border of grated beetroot round the edge of dish. Arrange other vegetables in strips.

Quick Salad Dressing for immediate use

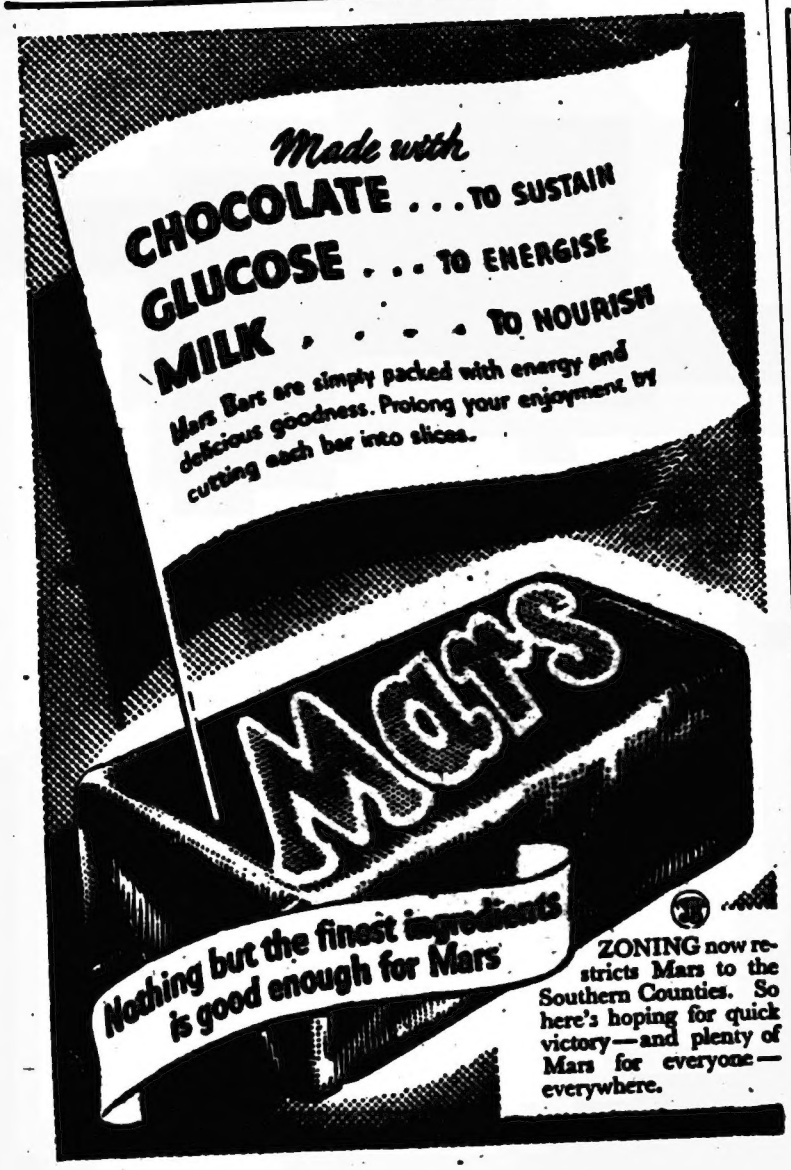
Ingredients: 1 level tablespoon Household Milk, 1 level tablespoon dried egg, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper and mustard, 1 tablespoon water, 2 tablespoons vinegar. *Method:* Mix milk, egg and seasonings. Mix smooth with the water and beat well. Add vinegar and beat again. *Note:* It is important that no less than the above amount of vinegar should be used.

The Radio Doctor says:

"As for salad veg. I don't mean a lettuce which looks as if it had lost and lost. Lettuce, in fact, is poor in Vitamin C. Go out for the cabbage, the mustard and cress, and the things raw and beautiful. Ring the changes with endive, chicory, finely grated carrot, raw beetroot and young dandelion leaves."

Listen in the Kitchen Front on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.C. FOOD FACTS No. 19


Made with
CHOCOLATE . . . TO SUSTAIN
GLUCOSE . . . TO ENERGISE
MILK . . . . TO NOURISH
Mars Bars are simply packed with energy and delicious goodness. Prolong your enjoyment by cutting each bar into slices.
Mars
Nothing but the finest ingredients is good enough for Mars

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory—and plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free.

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DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

"Points-budgeting is an important part of my food-planning."

says Mrs. Jones of Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol

"We drink lots of Rowntree's Cocoa—lucky it's not on points!"

Mrs. Jones with Patricia, eldest of her two daughters

"WE keep wonderfully well," says Mrs. Jones of Bristol, "although my husband has a very hard job, and I myself do part-time work now, as well as running my home. One thing I'm very particular about is *regular* meals, and I plan my points carefully to make them really nourishing. I believe in plenty of vegetables and, as we have a garden, we're able to grow our own. We drink Rowntree's Cocoa, too. It's a grand nourishing drink and really satisfying. The children love its rich chocolatey flavour. They look well on it, too. And no wonder! So many things we drink at meal-time contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way sugar does); and iron for the blood. What's more, Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion. Make it *your* family's meal-time drink.

MY POINTS BUDGET FOR THIS MONTH

4 packets cereal	8 pts.	1 lb. prunes	6
2 1-lb. tins syrup	16 "	1 lb. sultanas, raisins, or dates	8
2 lbs. rice	8 "	1 lb. sweet biscuits	8
2 tins baked beans	8 "	3 tins sardines	12
2 tins chopped ham	22 "	Total	96

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *aids digestion*

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 22, 1944,
93 Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

FIRST ROUND

SUNDAY will be a memorable St. George's Day. For the first round of the invasion goes well.

That is a realistic appraisal of the present situation. To admit as much should not offend even the susceptibilities of British officialdom; both British and American generals have stated that recent air attacks have been not merely a preparation but a beginning of the grand assault on Western Europe.

Good Results

The British public, which is told so much less than the American public, but which is not so unintelligent as the authorities may imagine, had already formed the same conclusion.

There is also reason to suppose that the results of the last fortnight's bombing have satisfied our military commanders.

Big Figures

It would be surprising if this were not so.

Air onslaughts against five countries. Three thousand tons of bombs on a single target. Twelve thousand sorties flown in a hundred hours.

Never before has the quivering earth known such violence.

When?

Particularly significant, you may think, are the attacks on rail targets. But the thoughtful observer knows that such bombing is not fully effective unless followed quickly by other forms of attack.

Ask the British railwayman!

Fury to Come

Even greater fury will tear the skies when our troops go into action. As we told you weeks ago, the *Luftwaffe* in the West strength is as great as ever; indeed, an R.A.F. commentator has now revealed that it has increased by some 300 aircraft since November.

But the Allies are more than ready for that. And after the first few days of all-out combat we should reap the benefit of the intensive bombing of German aircraft factories.

Invasion Queue

So the invading troops can be sure of adequate and perhaps overwhelming air support. Indeed, they will be short of nothing. Fleets of cargo ships are queueing along the American waterfronts with tanks, guns, shells, food, and railway engines.

British production, too, has been a bit better than just magnificent—and worth a little more attention than it has received.

Russian Hurricane

Moreover, the frequency of Russian successes should not make us take them for granted. They are immense; equally great opportunities are opening.

A hurricane in south-eastern Europe is scattering the enemy like chaff. The German armies in Poland and the Balkans have been separated; now Odessa and the Crimea, too, may become bases for Russian amphibious operations.

On the Brink

So the Rumanians cannot remain poised on the brink much longer. The generous Russian assurances should persuade them to jump in the right direction.

Throughout the Balkans the United Nations now have the supreme chance for political pressure and a military pincer movement.

Revealing Figures

In this area the *Luftwaffe* is as hopelessly strung out as on the Russian front. It has had to be concentrated mainly in Western Europe—which is not the least of Anglo-American achievements in this complex struggle.

For example, though 300 German fighters opposed 500 of our bombers in the attack on Steyr, only 50 were able to defend Budapest next day.

Present from Italy

Our possession of the Italian airfields (to say nothing of those in North Africa) has thus presented the enemy with a terrible problem incapable of solution.

Besides, the Italian campaign is holding down so many crack German divisions that Hitler may decide to give it up when we have gained Rome—if only to reinforce the Western Front. Thirdly, it has provided us with a base from which to attack the Balkans by sea.

JOHN BULL'S OFFER
to
FIRE GUARDS!

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This Policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury as defined caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

War in the Raw

Apart from strategic considerations, such an attack would be welcomed by all the free peoples of the world.

None of us has forgotten the sublime bravery of the Greeks. And none of us can read without a shudder how the Yugoslav Partisans continue to sing even while having their wounds operated upon without anæsthetics. Such people deserve all the help we can give.

Allied Agreement

To revert to Italy, the promise of abdication by King Victor can neither atone for his miserable record nor affect the existing situation.

It can be stated emphatically that there is no disagreement between Britain, Russia and the U.S.A. on policy towards the Badoglio Government. But we may wonder whether we need wait until Rome is reached and Victor climbs down from his throne before making the Badoglio régime more representative of the Italian people.

Peace Kite

Incidentally, no surprise will be caused by the latest Nazi-inspired peace suggestion ("Save Europe from Bolshevism") from General Franco's newspaper hirelings.

It may prompt a faintly amused smile in the Allied capitals. Nothing more.

Watch for It

But enough of Europe. There is, after all, another aspect of the world war. And now that Japan's first line of defence in the Pacific has been broken we can expect big news from that part of the world.

The Japanese garrisons marooned by the American advance towards their homeland must either starve or surrender.

Open to Attack

That homeland itself is slowly being opened to attack. America has prepared for it with intense energy during the past two years, but it will not be launched before the autumn.

When the time comes to strike there will be great naval actions such as never before imagined.

Not Yet

Meanwhile, the reports that the Japanese fleet is sailing southwards to give battle may be discounted. That fleet is not anxious to risk disaster from shore-based aircraft!

Struggle for Oil

On the other side of the Pacific the news is both good and bad. Washington announces that after its conference with Britain on oil problems it will seek the views of Russia, Holland and the oil-producing nations of South America.

But this move towards a common agreement is sadly belated, judging by the allegation, since refuted, that American companies in Arabia sought official protection for fear the British would take over their concessions!

Hull and Hearst

Again, it's good to hear Mr. Hull's wide-visioned views on foreign policy. It is pleasant to note the rather surprising support gained by Governor Stassen, that youngish world-conscious idealist, in a primary election for the Presidency.

But it would be foolish to ignore the new campaign of rabid isolationism started by Hearst and some Republican politicians. They do influence a section of the American voting public!

Problems

Similarly, we may assume that differences still exist between Britain and the U.S.A. on the matter of air transport—despite the Beaverbrook-Berle meeting.

But surely both countries will endorse the I.L.O. advice that, though the Axis countries must pay a just penalty for aggression, the standard of life in those countries must not be depressed to a level which would threaten the standards elsewhere.

Focus of Attention

Here in Britain next week's Budget would normally be the focus of interest in home affairs. But this year there are more vital subjects to absorb the people's attention.

The Second Front demands industrial peace. And though the strikes are over the need remains to gain the workers' confidence

Three-Party Pact?

There is but one way in which they can be secured.

Without delay, the Government, trade union leaders, and employers should meet to survey the whole industrial problem; then to agree on necessary adjustments.

No Alternative

There is what politicians term "ample machinery" to enable differences to be settled in a sensible way.

It must not be left to rust. For there is no sensible alternative; unless it is fully used discontent and dispute will continue.

(Continued overleaf)

YOUR TAX

A very odd thing about next week's Budget seems to have been missed by most people.

For the first time we know one of its provisions well in advance.

We know the income tax rate will be unchanged.

Because, you see, the Pay-As-You-Earn coding notices issued two months ago said in effect that all personal allowances, allowances for children, dependants and others, would remain at present levels throughout the coming year.

A few weeks later, when the Tax Tables were issued, it was clear that the standard rate and the reduced rate of 6s. 6d. in the £ would also remain unaltered.

Thus P.A.Y.E. has made the Chancellor anticipate his own Budget.

It won't matter this year. But it would be highly important in a year when the rates were to be reduced. Would not some Smart Alicks—obtaining advance notice from the Tax Tables—so adjust their profits that they would take advantage of the reduction?

We put the question to Sir John with the hope that his experts are ready with the necessary safeguards.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

CAST your mind back to the dark days after Dunkirk. To the feverish efforts to get our war production into some sort of shape. To the long, weary hours we worked.

And recall, as you will, that JOHN BULL raised a solitary voice towards the end of 1940 to point out that, beyond a certain stage, the longer people worked the less they would produce.

After Four Years

The very same conclusion has been reached four years later. At some length the argument was developed last week in the official report of the Industrial Health Research Board.

If working hours exceed sixty for men and 55 for women, it said, absence increases and production drops. Exactly what we said.

Lots of Breaks

The official report deserves to be kept right in the public mind. Its recommendations for an ensured week-end break of at least a day and a half, and short breaks of ten minutes or so at intervals during the working day, are admirable.

Boredom and fatigue among the war workers are obviously increasing. Now's the time to combat them in every possible way.

What's a P.R.O.?

Even in this age of code initials few people know exactly the job of the man who calls himself P.R.O. Public Relations Officer? Yes, but how can his relations be with the public if the public does not know what he does?

The fact is that the work of the Public Relations Officer is very private. And, therefore, *The Times* did a useful service the other day when it examined the whole set-up.

There's Danger

P.R.O.s exist because the Services and the Ministries need someone to "put over" their policy to the people. There are awkward things to explain away; mistakes to be glossed over; new campaigns to be launched.

That's where the P.R.O. comes in. But not directly. He works with the journalists. And it's in this second-hand approach that the danger lies.

Attempted Influence

Let's make it clear that these officers do an excellent job when they confine themselves to *elucidating* Service or Government Orders. Goodness knows elucidation is needed.

But some of them don't confine themselves to that. They try to influence the judgment of the writers, who represent the people.

No Whitewash

And that can be a wicked thing. Any journalist worth his salt gets to know things for himself. A Public Relations Officer who tries to tell him what ought to be said scares him off right away.

Readers will have a pretty good idea that the wrong sort of Public Relations Officer does not have an easy time with JOHN BULL. The right sort—the man who explains difficulties and doesn't spend his time whitewashing—earns, and gets, our respect.

"Redundant"

All of which (though it sounds rather strictly professional) is of the greatest importance in the long run to everyone in the land.

How, for instance, will the Public Relations Department of the Ministry of Food react to the allegations of a Liverpool woman who tells us that a number of the Ministry's clerks have been dismissed "owing to redundancy"?

After Four Years

Most of these clerks are over forty. Some have been doing the job for four years. They understood that if anyone had to go it would be the younger women who could more readily be absorbed in the war factories or the Services.

Too Efficient?

Their bitterness is understandable. What must have made it worse was the explanation of an official who suggested that "perhaps there had been too much efficiency." The Ministry did not expect work above a certain average—if that were exceeded there was bound to be "redundancy."

3d. a Slice

And another—smaller—point for the Ministry of Food. In the basement of a Blackpool shop the other week there was a notice saying: "No Apples."

At the entrance to the shop dozens of apples were being sliced, dipped in some sort of chocolate trimming, and sold for 3d. a piece.

Gain on the Swings

The people who'd pay 3d. for an apple slice are the sort who have been spoiling the showmen since Easter. Over the holiday the proprietors of swings and roundabouts found they could get 2s. a time for a ride. They've been keeping it up at peak hours ever since.

It isn't so long since you could have a whole evening at the fair for half-a-crown.

Lead Wanted

But what can you do about inflated prices when the Government stubbornly refuses to take any step to end the rent robbery? The price a man pays for his home is one of the fundamentals, and his other expenses are keyed accordingly.

If the Government would only give a hard-and-fast rent lead (as they've done with food prices), we'd find lots of other prices would come tumbling down.

Rent Advice

Partly to blame for the fabulously increased cost of furnished rooms is the extra rent allowances made to American officers. They are able to offer very much more than local people, and the result is constant inflation. Hard-boiled money-makers are not going to see their chances slip away.

It would be a grand thing for everybody if the American authorities would advise all officers what to pay for accommodation and tell them not to pay more.

Stranded

Talking still about prices. . . . Every week brings a case of exorbitant charges by taxi-owners. And the money is usually taken from men and women in the Forces who have to watch every penny.

A woman was charged 12s. for a taxi journey the other evening. She was stranded at the railway station and could not refuse. The 'bus fare for the return journey is 1s. 10d.

Rise in a Day

Two Signalmen, lately returned from the Middle East and now stationed in the Home Counties, find prices difficult to understand.

The celluloid-covered ribbon (paper) of the Africa Star was on sale at a local shop. It cost 1s. 3d. on a Wednesday recently. On Thursday it was 2s. 3d.

Both Signalmen wanted the ribbon. But they also want to know where the extra shilling goes.

Sea-Coal

Extract from a letter which may interest the Minister of Fuel. . . .

"My husband is captain of a collier carrying coal from Tyneside to London. Every trip there is at least ten to twenty tons of coal thrown over the side at each port, just because one or two men are not put aboard to sweep it up and put in a crane."

If one of the seamen rescued a bagful of coal for his wife he would probably be fined for stealing. It's a queer world.

Priority to Blame

Way back in 1940 a Southend dealer who sold soft furnishings, linoleum and carpet, evacuated. He returned not long ago to find his stock had depreciated. He wanted to sell it off as quickly as he could to stop further depreciation.

But the law says: "Only priority customers can buy."

So much of this pre-war stock may go to wrack and ruin at a time when people are crying out for the stuff.

White's the Word

A Hertfordshire lad had a big surprise when he landed in Italy—such a surprise that he wrote to tell his father all about it. Briefly, he was astonished because he thought he'd gone out to fight and found instead that he was expected "to gimp up."

On the first morning after disembarking the Company Commander told the troops that all gear had to be white—no matter what was used.

★ **GLAMOUR AT THE FRONT.**

Marlene's has been in the front line of stars for years. Now she's in Algiers to entertain British and American troops. What's more, she's going to Italy, and hopes to get near the front line of battle. That's fine, Miss Dietrich. We haven't forgotten that you were born a German, that you decided years ago that you did not like the Nazis. And we have not forgotten several other stars from the Continent who cling to their Hollywood sanctuary and take no risks. It *is* a risk for you to go to Italy. We like you for taking it.

A Bit Far?

The free hand was necessary beca[use] some of the men found they could [not] get their things white by using too[much] paste or shaving soap.

We don't altogether agree with [the] son's scorn of smartness. It's as nec[es]sary in Italy as anywhere else. [But] tooth-paste and shaving soap? [This] seems to be going too far.

Change of Mind—

A sapper stationed in India also h[as] something to say about equipment. Wh[en] he arrived about two years ago he h[ad] the usual complete set of tropical kit.

Very soon much of it was found to [be] either unnecessary or unduly cumb[er]some in the conditions.

—In India

Expensive items were recalled and [re]placed with more serviceable stuff. [It's] very fine. But the sapper tells us th[at] each time a fresh draft arrives the [sa]rigmarole has to be gone through. [Apa]parently word has never got back to [In]dia that some articles of equipment [are] more useful than others.

Not Forgotten

Nineteen-year-old George Stephen[son] of Middlesbrough, went to Africa, fou[ght] at El Alamein, in Sicily and in It[aly]. He was wounded and is now back in [the] country.

In Middlesbrough they have discov[ered] that from their records it appears t[hat] George Stephenson has not been [in]forming any fire guard duties.

He Wonders . . .

They wish to have satisfac[tory] evidence that the boy is exempt.

Mr. Stephenson, Sen., wonders whe[ther] he ought to write to his son's comm[and]ing officer so that special leave can [be] arranged and the fire guard duties [re]formed.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Last minute measures to strengthen the "Atlantic Wall" betray Nazi anxiety about the imminent reopening of the Western Front.**

● *Rommel spends his time on constant visits of inspection: Luftwaffe boss, Sperrle, is permanently on tour supervising the completion of all air installations along the coast.*

● Dutch town of Breda is heavily garrisoned and strongly fortified. Probably Rommel intends to make it his H.Q.

● **Group-Captain Pickard, triple D.S.O., was a Wingate of the air; there's a good reason why nothing will be published about his last mission, from which he did not return.**

● *Very high air officer from East Asia has been back in Britain. No doubt plans have been made to switch big air forces to the Far East, when their job in Europe is done.*

● General Young new C.-in-C. of the Swedish Army is object of underhand Nazi attacks. German agents have been ordered to start a whispering campaign against him.

● **King Michael of Rumania may leave his country. Pretence is his slow convalescence after recent illness.**

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

A LESSON FOR ALL OF US

"FORGET about me mostly, but think of me sometimes as one who loved England and the better parts of man.

"And remember that one's life must always be an example of courage in danger, of devotion in belief and duty, and of help in distress."

These lines were written to the girl he loved by a boy of twenty-one—a boy who was so much a man and so good a soldier that he rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in three years, only to meet his death in the Burmese jungle.

Like fireflies in the night, the tiny flames of human gallantry prick through the war's black curtain, shine for a moment, and are gone.

We pay our tribute to the memory of one brave life among so many because Lieut.-Colonel Cyril Jones, late of Ogmore Vale, Glamorgan; left behind him the simple, magnificent confession of his own faith.

And because, in so doing, he set before us all the victory creed by which alone men and nations can attain to greatness and achieve happiness.

"If anything should happen to me," he wrote, "remember that I always loved things that were right and true and faithful."

How much do we as a people love these things? How far are we prepared to fight for them, die for them—and harder still, live for them?

The world conflict nears its climax. We share General Montgomery's faith in the men who will see the crisis through on the field of battle.

But we still await an inspiring lead to the free peoples everywhere, a declaration of common aims and united purpose, a new Magna Charta for mankind.

Mr. Cordell Hull, American Secretary of State, has expressed his conviction that there can be no hope of enduring peace after victory unless the United States, the British Commonwealth, the Soviet Union, and the Chinese Republic can harmonise their interests and act together.

He sees in the unity of these four great powers the only solid basis for international co-operation among all the United Nations.

We agree. Our own leaders have said as much on many occasions.

But, so far, there is little evidence that this essential unity is near attainment—still less that Great Britain, which *has* set "an example of courage in danger," is setting an equal example of "devotion in belief and duty and of help in distress."

IN recent months our foreign policy seems to have followed the path of least resistance.

Russia clearly knows her own mind and pursues her own aims. Except in regard to her preconcerting recognition of the Badoglio Government she has formally consulted or at least notified her Allies of her intentions.

And, as her mighty armies extend their westward drive to the gates of Hitler's Europe, she has reiterated her intention to respect the sovereignty and free choice of the lesser countries she is now compelled to invade.

America, too, has not been slow to state her position in regard to fresh problems as they arise.

Mr. Cordell Hull says "our foreign policy is comprehensive, stable and known of all men." Neither he nor the President "has made or will make any secret agreement or commitment, political or financial."

This we are anxious to believe, although we do not pretend that American policy regarding international oil supplies or the future of civil aviation, about which Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Berle have just been conferring, can yet be fairly described as "known of all men."

But it cannot be argued that *our* foreign policy is either comprehensive, stable or universally understood.

For, through the Prime Minister, we have recently admitted that the principles of the Atlantic Charter cannot be automatically applied to Germany in the hour of her inevitable defeat.

We have acquiesced in America's semi-warning, semi-appeal to the Government of Eire. We have supported American efforts to bring Franco to his senses. We have recognised Tito without denouncing his political opponents. And we are undoubtedly backing the French Committee of National Liberation without giving it our wholehearted support or formal recognition.

In short, Great Britain, which of the Four Great Powers is predominantly interested in the future of Western Europe, has failed to tell her Allies and the outside world exactly where she stands.

We have not raised our voice in the councils of freedom as firmly as we have the right to do. Perhaps we have been so bent upon preserving the appearance of unity as to neglect its substance.

It may not be as simple for us as for our Allies to declare and abide by a given policy because our Commonwealth is made up of many free and independent peoples.

But the forthcoming conference of Commonwealth Premiers should enable us to decide our aims and agree among ourselves how best to attain them.

And we look with eager hope for an early and clear statement of British foreign policy; we *expect* our leaders to give the world a lead.

In our home affairs we also observe an absence of decisive purpose and practical intent.

We move from compromise to compromise. Our Government professes to love the things "that are right and true and faithful," but it clearly fears the powers of property and vested interest.

That is why we are still waiting for a firm and clear declaration of a national land policy.

That is why so long a time has elapsed since the Beveridge Plan for Social Security was presented to the country, given a qualified approval by the Cabinet—and put into cold storage for such modified implementation as we may now expect.

But JOHN BULL does not hold the Government accountable for every weakness in British foreign policy or every deferment of progressive plans for the home front.

"Our policy," said Cordell Hull, "must be simple and direct *and founded upon the interest and purposes of the American people.*"

British policy, we suggest, should aim at common agreement among the United Nations on making our certain victory benefit all mankind.

WE must be prepared to make sacrifices for the common good. We must be ready and willing not only to do our duty but to give "help in distress."

Europe is a stricken Continent. It will count upon Great Britain, more than any other country, for the fulfilment of the good intentions expressed by all the United Nations at Hot Springs.

"This," as Herbert Agar wrote in his challenging but inadequate book, "is a time for greatness."

We have reaped the sorry harvest of "expediency," and in this fateful hour we must sow the seed of "devotion to belief and duty."

No private or sectional interests should now be allowed to hamper the tremendous purpose of liberation. We go forward to certain victory in battle, but the shaping of the coming peace lies in our own hands.

Link Between West and East

IF you asked me which statesman is likely to play the most important part in Central Europe after the war, I should say "President Edward Benes."

He was an outstanding personality between the two wars, first as the right-hand man of the great Thomas Masaryk, later as his successor to the Presidency of the Czechoslovak Republic.

During that time he was the champion of Western democracy in the heart of Europe.

★ ★ ★

So Hitler developed a special hatred directed against the head of a State which dared to uphold the democratic spirit in the middle of a continent that was gradually becoming the prey of Fascist dictatorship.

Unfortunately, the governments and the peoples of Western Europe did not know enough about that "far-off country," and realised too late what they lost at Munich by throwing Czechoslovakia to the hyenas.

Now the Republic and her President are in the news again. The Red Army has crossed her frontier.

Marshal Zukhov is a long way from Prague, but who can doubt that his advance will be swift and, sure?

The Red Army is fighting in what is officially called Carpatho-Russia, traditionally inhabited by Ukrainians with strong Russian and Communist sympathies.

It was placed under the ruling of Prague in 1919 mainly in order to secure a direct territorial and rail link between Czechoslovakia and her Rumanian partner in the Little Entente.

Otherwise it was more of a liability than an asset to the Czech Republic.

★ ★ ★

I have a feeling that, at the end of the war, the Czechoslovak Government may ask Moscow to incorporate Carpatho-Russia into the U.S.S.R.

The pledge given by Molotov concerning Rumania, Russia's enemy (that the U.S.S.R. has no intention of changing her political structure), is naturally even more binding for Czechoslovakia, Russia's friend.

Therefore, I expect Czechoslovakia to become Russia's closest ally and supporter among the European States, not only out of national gratitude, but also on grounds of cultural parentage and of political solidarity.

★ ★ ★

The foundations for such a policy of friendship have already been laid down in the Pact signed by President Benes in Moscow last winter.

Yet, the President himself, his Government, the intelligentsia of his country, as well as the Labour movement are, notwithstanding their Slav leanings, essentially Western-minded.

This means that President Benes and his nation are destined to play from now on an increasingly vital part in a link between West and East.

We shall not have too many such links, and I forecast that Benes' rôle in Europe after the war will be even more important than it was following the 1918 armistice.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS

Lord CATTO,
Governor of the Bank of England

MY LORD,—From office boy to Governor of the Bank of England is a notable rise even for a Scot. And, as in all "poor-boy-makes-good" stories, you have become a millionaire in the process.

Evidently you are canny. I am told you are also, for a Liberal, conservative.

Not, I trust, too conservative. For in becoming Governor you have the opportunity of helping to make Money the servant of humanity instead of its master.

All our plans for peace, our hopes for a more stable and equitable social order, will be mere scraps of paper unless we have world agreement for a rational system of finance and currency.

Booms and slumps, mass unemployment and poverty, discontent and excuses for war—all followed our crazy catch-as-catch-can financial juggling of the past.

Yet this juggling was regarded as strictly orthodox.

Thus, conservatism demanded that Britain should go back to the gold standard. Results: National depression, unemployment, the General Strike.

"Safe finance" demanded that the United States should be paid in gold by her creditors. Results: Her vaults became choked with gold that was as much use to her as dead fish—and there came the Great Slump.

Again, orthodox finance demanded that we should invest surplus money in South America, which could afford to pay a higher rate of interest than the Balkans. Result: The Balkans remained poor and backward, willing listeners to Nazi propagandists.

Fortunately, intelligent men in all countries have come to realise that international money affairs must henceforth be regulated by an international system.

Lord Keynes has suggested one such scheme. The Americans have another. Negotiations are proceeding to see if these ideas cannot be fused; then consultations must take place with other nations.

It is a beginning—a step towards a world bank and world currency units.

Of course, finance and currency are only the machinery for operating world economics. And if the world economic structure is not sensibly built finance by itself can achieve little.

Since the war began you have worked with Lord Keynes at the Treasury, and so have largely been responsible for a policy that has saved war time Britain from the peril of inflation.

That fact alone gives me confidence that you will use your great new authority in efforts to promote international unity and international prosperity.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Catto was an office boy

General KOENIG,
Fighting French Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—Your arrival in London to take up a new command suggests that you will have the honour of helping soon in the liberation of France. And it also emphasises the unhappy rupture between Giraud and De Gaulle, the two men who have rallied Frenchmen the world over in readiness for the day which is coming.

As the hero of the gallant stand at Bir Hakeim, where your men withstood some of the fiercest attacks launched by Rommel in his ill-starred African campaign, you stand out as a Frenchman whose sole aim is to smash the chains that bind your country.

It's a pity other Frenchmen, more politically minded than you, and swayed by personal ambition, cannot adopt the same outlook. Fighting first and politics afterwards seem the best way to tackle the Hitlerian beast. And your record proves the virtue of that policy.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. M. S. McCORQUODALE, M.P.,
Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Always, it seems, when any sort of drive or comb-out is made a Ministry, officialdom begins with the under-dog.

For that reason I was not surprised to read that your department is organis a comb-out of street musicians—those intrepid buskers who do so much to l a little colour and brightness to the drab streets of London and our big cities.

I hold no brief for the buskers.

If some are "dodging the column," rope them in and get them into the For or into factories.

But I would have preferred your comb-out to have begun in higher pl where men and women are not only evading service but are making a lot of m money out of the war.

Some finely dressed "ladies" and elegant "gentlemen" seem to be imm from the activities of your snoopers.

Why not try to rope in some Mayfair worthies, as well as buskers?—JOHN B

General OMAR BRADLEY,
U.S. Commander in the Field

DEAR GENERAL,—Why don't people like you keep a discreet silence on what might happen when the Second Front opens?

First, we are warned by Churchill and Roosevelt that the vast operations now in course of preparation will, when they are implemented, mean the bloodiest phase of the war so far as Anglo-American forces are concerned.

Now you declare that "this stuff about tremendous losses is tommy rot," and you tell officers of a U.S. divisional H.Q. that "after a few days of it you won't have anything to worry about."

This sort of fatuous talk sickens me. No one *knows* what Allied losses will be. No one knows just how quickly Germany will fold up under the impact of the blows we will deal.

But there is every indication that German resistance, primarily at any rate, will be tough.

No one doubts the power of our arms or the qualities of our soldiers.

But for a man in your position to assume that the most perilous invasion in history is virtually a walk-over is a dangerous and stupid forecast.

I hope and pray that you are right in your estimate of losses. I pray, too, that when our armies get really going they will blast their way quickly to Berlin. But, please, don't give us any more super-optimistic views.

We're a little weary of such talk after four and a half years of war.—JOHN BULL.

Fairies, Facts and Fancy

ARGUE IT OUT

By PALLAS

WHY the bells of St. Clement's should say "Oranges and lemons" is a question I have yet to find an answer for.

I'm particularly anxious to have the answer, because I'm losing faith with Janet, my four-year-old daughter.

"O'nges and lemons . . . bells of St. Clemens" were the first words of nursery rhyme she learned from a gramophone record. She's had oranges, sucked long and reflectively at lemons. And now her daddy, who usually supplies some sort of answer to the most awkward questions, is stumped by those confounded bells that used to peal in the Strand.

I am no longer omniscient in Janet's eyes.

I have tried to explain away, and more or less succeeded, kittens, chickens, clouds, flowers, the sun, the wind, the moon, and other everyday things that impress the child mind.

But "o'nges and lemons?" No. I'm not disturbed about my inadequacy, because Janet's mind is mercurial. It never dwells for more than a second or a minute on one particular topic.

★ ★ ★

When I told Janet of the recent ceremony at St. Clement Danes, which featured the handing over of five farthings to the Vicar of St. Martin's, she asked: "Why, daddy, why?" And her look of scorn when I couldn't give the answer was pityingly contemptuous.

Sometimes I have wondered whether these legendary nursery rhymes serve any useful purpose.

To-day I know many more such verses than I knew as a boy.

Perhaps that's because my parents were poor and could not lavish on me the books I shower on Janet.

Yet there come occasionally from my young rip of a daughter some fanciful turns of speech which are both pleasing and attractive.

Two instances, of many, I give here. One bright morning Janet came into my room and said: "Daddy, I heard the sun get up this morning. He came rushing out and put on a red hat." On another occasion she said that "Raindrops are sweeties for the hungry plants and flowers."

★ ★ ★

Sweeties in her vocabulary are the most desirable of all things, and her child mind saw in the rain the thing the flowers most desired.

Maybe I was wrong in thinking that these fancies are inspired by nursery rhymes and fairy tales, yet I cannot help but feel that a child nurtured from the earliest age on fact and not fancy would never show such imagery.

This digression still leaves me stumped with the articulate oranges and lemons. And I don't like being an object of pity to a four-year-old.

Dr. VERNON SMITH,
The Bishop of Leicester

MY LORD,—For some time now I h followed with the deepest interest Church's efforts to adjust itself to changing values in the nation's so and economic life.

And I feel that at long last Church, and especially its enlighte leaders, is becoming a living entity stead of a moribund caste-ridden bod

The latest plan to give a welc home to men and women now servin the Forces or in industry is admirabl

It originated in your diocese, and ultimate aim is the full restoration family ties severed by the war. As a step it is proposed to hold simple fa reunion and thanksgiving services in home.

This last idea is welcome proof of changed outlook of the Church.

For too long the conception of reli has been linked with cathedrals abbeys, with altars and choristers surplices and organs.

Christ went into the highways and ways. He had no altar, no pomp ceremony. There was no organ to tone the Glory of the Father, and t was none of the paraphernalia w now, alas, is associated with worshi

This new assessment of religious v —that the Church's first task is, in guarding the homes of the nation its families—is a great sign of the t

I trust it is a forerunner of striking and necessary reforms.—JOHN BULL.

BEHIND THE BATTLE—1

Three Days Under the Sea

By Harold A. Albert

WHEN you're crammed in an emergency radio room you don't see much of a naval action. So the four men never knew what hit them.

Garmy and Joe Costa, Charley Clark and Jimmy Lowes, four sailors of an Allied warship on Mediterranean patrol, merely raised eyebrows at one another with each successive crash and vibration of the deck guns.

Garmy nodded at the silent loud-speaker.

"Can't be much!" he said. "Or there'd be a commentary!"

No, it wasn't much. Just a stand-up fight against enemy bombers intent on blasting them to death. Just a minute of frenzied fighting before the heavy bomb struck forrard—and launched Garmy and his three pals on one of the strangest naval adventures ever staged.

Fathom Deep

They never heard the H.E. coming. They suddenly felt their eye-teeth hitting the back of their skulls. Or so it seemed.

Deafening concussion. The screaming of steel-plating rent asunder. The sudden washing of the sea into the open bows of the warship. And darkness filled with the stench of T.N.T. smoke.

"Anyone there?" Garmy asked, as he came round.

They were there, all right.

The bomb had scooped a hole in the bows of their ship like a spoon with a melon. The bulkheads of Radio Room 3 projected from the twisted metal and almost cut the water as the vessel drove on. The sea flattened against the cabin on three sides, pressing against their very door.

But they didn't know.

Jimmy tried the door and found it wedged. Charley clicked the only torch between them and cut his fingers on the shattered bulb.

The radio equipment seemed to be dead.

They were trapped in a compartment scarcely 7 ft. square, without food, without water.

They were a fathom beneath the waves, pinned under the sea as certainly as if they'd been slid to Davy Jones with leaden weights.

And they still didn't know it.

But gradually they detected the gurgle of the sea against the door. They noticed the air growing noisome and hot. As the lack of oxygen tightened bands of torture against their foreheads, they felt the qualms of hunger, the pangs of thirst.

They couldn't understand why the ship's engines continued to beat; why the "old girl" was still travelling. . . .

Then, as Garmy says, they began to get wise.

They sat on the floor to conserve the air. They felt the water oozing beneath the door and realised with bitter anguish that it was salt.

There was an escape hatch, but that, too, was jammed. They took turns to work on it, sweating and straining—and using up air.

Garmy worked out a scheme for opening the door and flooding the room, so that the compressed air would force the escape hatch.

Bulging Door

Then they realised that, at best, only one could hope to escape—and the idea was abandoned.

They were sunk in despair, panting for breath, almost resigned, when suddenly they heard whispering. Their brains fuddled by lack of oxygen, they were puzzled—till Garmy picked up the telephone.

Only by shouting at the top of his voice could he get over a signal. They were all four frantic with excitement.

The men in the radio room heard the big guns crash out but could see nothing . . .

At the other end of the line the officer could scarcely believe his ears. He had given them up for dead.

"Hold on!" he said. "Help is coming!" It was just a white lie.

Radio Room 3 was cut off from the main part of the ship by flooded bulkheads and masses of twisted wreckage. The men on the bridge did not dare to tell the trapped quartet their true danger.

Every yard of headway gained, every vibration of the engines, every slap from the jealous sea, increased the chances of the compartment being crushed like a concertina.

"We've just got to stick it!" Garmy told his pals.

And yet, as the hours went on, increasing the agony of thirst and air starvation, he began to doubt. . . .

"What's the truth?" he yelled to the bridge.

Then he was told. The ship was making for port. In two days they would be in dry dock. Then they could be got out.

"Two days!" said Garmy.

Amidships, electricians were striving desperately to get fresh air blown down a small vent pipe. They found and twisted together a fractured electric cable.

Abruptly, in Radio Room 3, the light came on!

The four bleary-eyed sailors cheered its appearance from swollen lips—but it showed up a fresh terror.

"Look at the door!" cried Joe Costa.

It was bulging inward toward them. The pressure of the sea was pushing it convex as a barrel and it was leaking appreciably.

Hour after hour they watched that door as if in a nightmare—and when they measured it they found it was bulging by inches.

They had plugged in an electric fan and the exhausted air, washing round in circles, gave them some relief. Then success came to the electricians—and fresh air began to stream through a vent.

"We've had an idea," the bridge telephoned. "We're dropping ice-cubes down the pipe!"

Alas, the ice stuck in bends in the pipe and lessened the supply of fresh air. But it gave Garmy a brainwave.

He noticed a strong current of stale air blowing up one side of the vent. He pushed tiny scraps of paper into the pipe, and they floated up into the faces of the men on the twisted decks.

"Okay," said Garmy as the telephone commented on this. "Watch for what's coming!"

"Are You Ready?"

To a tiny "wing" of paper he tied a thread from his clothes, and it was airborne to the deck. To the thread he tied a string—and to the string a stouter cord.

The worst part of their ordeal was over. Soon, over this cable system, they received pieces of orange and apple, and water through a rubber tube.

It was just a question of waiting—and watching that nightmare door.

Meanwhile, a set of plans of the ship had been transferred to a 'plane and flown ashore. When the vessel at last reached port, dockyard workers were waiting with a coffer dam to lower on to the top of the radio room.

The trapped four heard the pumps working, heard that a dry "well" had been established just above the compartment, heard the first drills tentatively probe the steel roof.

"We're going to drill eighty holes and then cut a circle," they were told. "Are you ready?"

"We've been ready for three days!" said Garmy.

Drink That Cost Them A Continent

HERE, for the first time, is the story of how a drink of water cost Rommel's panzer divisions a victory which would have carried them into Alexandria and might have meant the fall of Africa.

It could not be told before, as its details would have given the enemy too close an estimate of our man-power in the Mediterranean.

Hitherto, people have thought that the Germans never got beyond El Alamein.

But on one fateful day they did!

★ ★ ★

On that day, July 3, 1942, Rommel smashed through the centre of our defence line with three reduced panzer divisions.

Behind our defences they found a two-mile-long pipe-line laid across the sand.

At that moment they would have swapped North Africa for a drink, for they had been 24 hours without water.

Shooting holes along almost the entire length of the pipe, a thousand Germans dropped to their knees and gulped down gallons; then they started onward again.

Before dusk fell they had covered twenty-five of the fifty miles which separated them from Alexandria, the goal towards which they had fought through two dusty, bitter years.

Next morning, the rising sun showed them the towers of the great city on the horizon!

★ ★ ★

It was the promise of food and drink, water for their arid throats.

But as they advanced, a cloud of sand rose between them and the city, and out of the cloud came a battle-weary section of the British Army.

Its numbers were almost exactly equal to those of the panzer divisions advancing across the desert to destroy this final barrier between them and victory.

The opposing forces, almost on their last legs, pounded away at each other through swirling clouds of sand, overpowering heat, and with sweat mingled with dust to form mud-packs over arms and faces.

Just as our men were reaching the limit of their endurance, the Nazis broke, their Mark IV tanks backing away from the battlefield.

Then happened a thing which astonished even the campaign-hardened British Tommies.

Out of the smoke and dust, their hands raised in the air, eleven hundred men of the élite 90th Light Panzer Division came stumbling across the sand to give themselves up.

The crack division of Rommel's Afrika Korps!

Only when they came close enough did the British soldiers divine the cause of the miracle.

Every German's mouth was open, its swollen tongue protruding, its lips cracked and black with blood.

With crazy, groping hands, they seized water-bottles and scrabbled out the stoppers to quench their agonising thirst.

The pipe-line from which they had gulped water the previous day had been a new one, only just laid.

Had the Germans come through two days later the water in it might have won them the battle for Egypt.

★ ★ ★

But on that one particular day on which they broke through our lines, the pipe was under test—and in the desert our engineers don't waste such a vital commodity as drinking water for test purposes.

The pipe-line was full of sea water!

PATRICK SPENCER.

★ **Lincoln's words mean more to-day than in 1863: "... that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."**

Come Off the

By A. G. GARDINER

HOW can we hasten the end? That is the question that presses upon us as we await the coming stroke from the West. What the end will be is no longer in doubt.

On land, on sea, from the air the omens proclaim it with gathering vehemence. Turn where she will, Germany sees defeat rolling in to engulf her.

Napoleon's Moscow presaged his ruin; but Hitler's Moscow is immeasurably more catastrophic.

It is more catastrophic because Napoleon had the wisdom to cut his losses when he saw the game was up. He knew he was beaten and ran for his life. And by so doing he kept his Waterloo at bay for two years.

But Hitler has clung to a hopeless adventure until recovery is impossible. His respite should be briefer than Napoleon's, and our aim is to shorten it to the uttermost.

* * *

The means of shortening it are not confined to the military situation that confronts him. That situation alone is sufficient to justify confidence.

Hitler is caught between a pincer movement to which he has no effective reply. For the collapse of his eastern front has made havoc of his defensive strategy.

The keystone of that strategy was the stonewalling of the Red Army on the Dniester line. There he would "block, block, block," while he gathered all the might at his command to hurl back the invasion from the west.

But the scheme has broken down. The Russians have left the Dniester far behind. They are in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, in Rumania.

They are sweeping to the Danube plain to the south and are astride the railway to Warsaw in the west. They are battering Hitler's back door to bits.

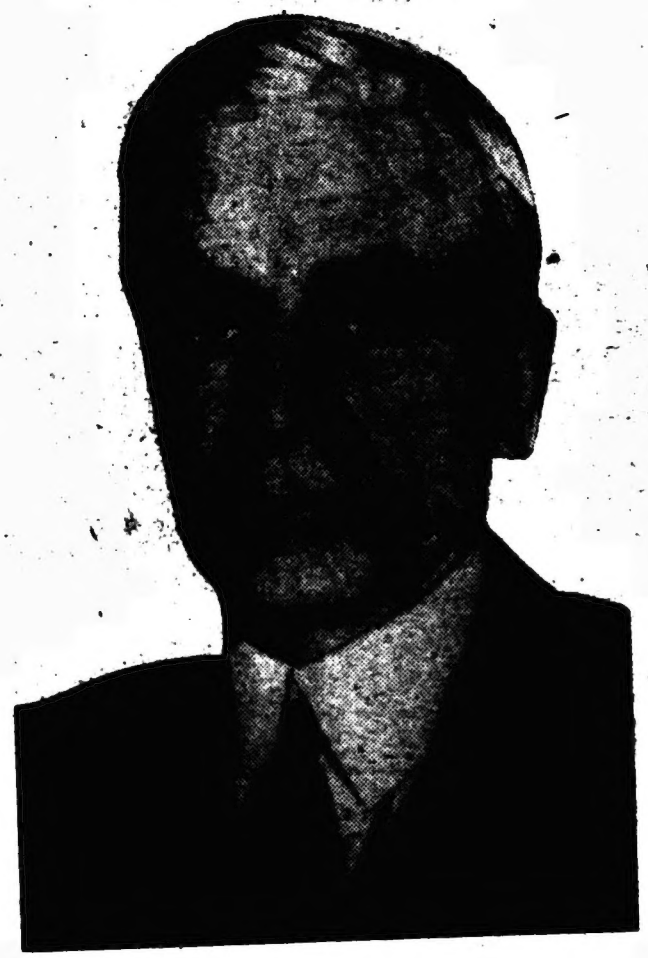
And they are not battering alone. The pincers are closing in on the neck of the Balkan Peninsula.

WHILE KONIEV IS DRIVING THE ROUTED GERMANS BEFORE HIM TO THE SOUTH, THE ALLIED BOMBERS FROM ITALY ARE BLASTING HITLER'S DANUBE COMMUNICATIONS TO THE BALKANS AND TITO FROM THE WEST IS REACHING OUT A HAND TO THE RUSSIAN LEGIONS DESCENDING ON THE DANUBE.

If these operations are not stayed, the whole Balkan bastion will fall like a ripe plum to the Allies, and the Danube thoroughfare into South Germany will be overrun.

Hitler must halt this two-pronged menace from the east or the donjon of his fortress falls.

But how can he halt it without throwing his mass of manœuvre into the eastern battle line?



Cordell Hull challenges the neutrals to join the fight

The cream of his army is buried in the Russian mud or fleeing before the Russian bayonets, and his man-power is approaching exhaustion as the demands on it mount.

If he sacrifices everything to stopping the Russians, he cannot effectively meet the invasion in the west. If he gambles all on defeating that invasion, he loses to Russia in the east.

This is the dilemma on which Hitler is impaled. On which horn will he choose to perish? For perish he must and will.

* * *

If to this analysis of the military situation we add the internal position of the enemy, the outlook for Germany becomes still more grim.

In every real sense the invasion from the west has been in operation for weeks past. From end to end of Germany great battles have been fought over her cities and arsenals by day and by night.

The incalculable material destruction caused to the enemy in these battles has crippled the German power to stand against the Russian advance, and has powerfully prepared the way for our sea-borne invasion.

We cannot doubt that it has done something else. It has shattered the German morale.

We have only to read the German Press and listen to the German broadcasts to understand the pall of defeatism that overspreads the German people to-day. And defeatism is the certain forerunner of defeat.

* * *

But in shortening the duration of the war it is not, as I have said, only the balance of military forces which counts. There are other factors which can speed the end.

The first and most important of these relates to the group of nations which, in the fifth year of the war, are still sitting on the fence of neutrality—so-called. These nations are: Turkey, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Argentina, and Eire.

It is to these nations that Mr. Cordell Hull, the other day, addressed words which have long been bursting for utterance in the hearts and minds of millions of people who are bearing the agonies of this war in order to save the liberties of the whole earth—neutrals' as well as their own.

IT WILL NOT BE DENIED THAT THE ISSUE AT STAKE IN THIS WAR IS THE GREATEST THAT HAS EVER CONFRONTED MANKIND. IT IS WHETHER THE WORLD SHALL BE BOUND OR FREE, WHETHER ONE BARBARIC RACE SHALL BECOME THE DESPOT OF THE WHOLE EARTH.

While the issue was in doubt, still more while Britain alone barred the way and the bandit's triumph seemed inevitable, it was natural that small nations should wish to escape the storm by professing neutrality.

It was excusable that they should even seek to buy off the bandit by giving him the materials he demanded from them, and without which he could not win the war that would destroy them.

But that time is gone. Hitler's spell is broken. His doom is sealed. No neutral nation to-day can justify its neutrality on the ground of fear. The Terror has passed, and it is free to act as its own interests and its own conscience dictate.

What we are entitled to ask of these

R.A.F.'s Figh

EVEN the doctors were surprised back in 1939, when an elderly stockbroker, veteran of Matabeleland and the Boer War, applied to join the R.A.F. volunteer reserve.

"Four-war Cohen"

The other day it was the world's turn to gasp when Wing Commander Lionel Cohen gained the D.F.C. Veteran of four wars—he won the M.C. in '17—he'll be 70 next year.

He has served as an air-gunner in sorties from Norway to North Africa. In a lone plane he has fought a group of three Me. 110s and a Ju. 88. He's hit U-boats, strafed the Gneisenau, and was wounded in at least one of his 45 operational flights with Coastal Command.

The R.A.F. flyer is normally grounded at 39. Yet in the messes to-day they're saying that "Four-

War Cohen" father in the

There's Flig who has more to his credit. in-law in the observer in th flying in spe Command boy

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Fence

nations now is that they should declare themselves openly on the side of freedom.

It will cost them nothing, for they will be on the winning side. It will gain them much, including their own self-respect and their right to a voice in the settlement of the world.

Such a declaration would do more to shorten the war than many victories in the field.

* * *

In any case, as Mr. Hull has said, these nations must cease aiding the enemy by housing his spies, selling him materials needed to kill our soldiers or permitting their factories to supply him with products which can no longer issue from the smoking ruins of German factories.

If this is refused, if they insist on prolonging the war, then they must take the consequences, now and hereafter. They must be denied the resources of the Allied world. They will not be coerced; but they must be put in quarantine. They must be branded as the Black Sheep of the human family.

I have space left barely to refer to one other means of hastening the end. The moment has come for the underground movement in Europe to blow up the fortress from within.

Russia's appeal to Czechoslovakia should be the signal to all the secret powder magazines throughout the Continent to explode.

WHEN THE SOUL OF EUROPE EMERGES FROM THE CATACOMBS TO WHICH IT HAS BEEN DRIVEN, NOT ALL THE FIRING SQUADS OF HIMMLER'S GESTAPO WILL SAVE HITLER FROM DESTRUCTION AND GERMANY FROM UTTER AND INSTANT DEFEAT.

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Lieut. Syd Rowley,
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★ ★

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found him still in
Hitler's marshalling
neries, flying right
ttle of Britain.

uties grounded him
n't satisfied. So he
managed to get into the first 1,000-bomber raid on Cologne, and he has since strafed the Ruhr and helped to bomb Bremen.

Born only a year later, an amazing Scot—Flight-Sergeant A. H. Bolton—has won the D.F.M. as a wireless op.-air-gunner.

★ ★ ★

Seven Messerschmitts attacked his Lockheed Hudson. With coolness born of Navy experience, the sergeant blazed away—and his plane eventually scored two of the Naxis for certain plus some probables.

Fifty years old Squadron-Leader Bob McIntosh won his D.F.C. for his air-sea rescue sorties.

Lieut.-Commander Neville Stack, pre-war long-distance pioneer and air-race winner, recently found himself flying a Sunderland as second pilot. Skipper of the plane was Flight-Lieut. Neville Stack—his own son!

With the A.T.A. ferry flyers is one-armed Keith Jopp, still flying at 54, and Capt. Herbert Perry, also in his fifties, who ranks as one of the world's oldest transport pilots.

You can't keep good men down!

H. A

Soldiers shared rations with famine victims

Who Is to Blame?

THE calamity of Bengal—the death through starvation of 1,000,000 human beings—cannot be explained by blaming just one section or another.

Some had foreseen the famine of 1943 as one of the consequences of war and warned the Government. Yet the Government did nothing for months.

Then came the Horror. In the streets of Calcutta, human skeletons were seen everywhere. Women mourned, in public, beside the bodies of their dead babies, mere skin and bone, lying on the pavement and in the roadway.

In the villages of Bengal, vultures and dogs fought over corpses. Bodies floated in the rivers and canals. Human carcasses were left to rot in the sun.

Officialdom, both in India and in Whitehall, showed a complacency that, for weeks, either put a gloss over realities, uttered denials, and then, at last, used the word "only" before the estimated figure of 1,000,000 dead!

Others, though, were to blame.

The story, one that makes the Black Hole of Calcutta a nursery tale in comparison, is told in all its horror in a supplement published by the *Statesman*, which, the leading daily in Calcutta, is owned and edited not by "natives" but by Englishmen.

Unheeded

"The fears we expressed a year ago of what might befall India during the conflict should the monsoon fail," said the *Statesman* in March, 1943, "are plainly not now a basis for our being charged with needless pessimism."

Yet two months passed—and the warnings were unheeded.

"Although Calcutta is known as the Empire's second capital," wrote the editor on June 20, "accumulating administrative incompetence or confusion over its affairs has become an Imperial scandal."

After pointing out that Calcutta had lagged months behind Bombay in food-rationing, and years behind Delhi in rent-control, the leading article indicted the disgrace of the street garbage and demanded drastic action.

"Calcutta is full of troops of all nations," it went on; "geography has made her an important war-base for Democracy. The next few months are full of serious possibilities."

"Shortage of petrol" was Officialdom's excuse.

In August cholera spread—but the figures were suppressed.

By that time, the corpses of people who had died from starvation or cholera were publicly putrefying on the pavements of the "Second City."

On August 8, the *Statesman* described the "Plight of a Province." "Surrounded by wheat and fat punjabis remote from war control," it declared, "the Government of India apparently little heeds Bengal's lamentable state. Bengal herself is blameworthy."

Day after day brave journalists denounced the provincial politicians which manned the Ministries: "Most of their energies from the war's outset have evidently been bent on petty intrigue and acrimony and manœuvre for the spoils of office. For incompetence the corporation is probably unexcelled in all Asia."

But the Government of India, too, was indicted—for blindness that would not see, from the moment of Japan's belligerence, the approaching food-shortage, soaring prices and profiteering.

Not for a full year was a Food Department set up—and even then it had no policy for seven months.

Yet morale where scores of millions of rice-eaters lived within range of hostile air-raids and in risk of invasion was a vital war-winner!

By August 13, men, women and children were to be seen, in Calcutta and the other Bengal towns, lying in the streets weak and ill.

To illustrate the terrors of what was happening, the *Statesman* published, "with reluctance and after anxious thought," pages of pictures that transcend in horror anything ever printed in the annals of the Empire—emaciated babies and their starving mothers dying in the streets, their eyes staring out of shapes that otherwise are nothing but skin and bone, some too weak to move, even if food were near.

Some are seen in the reprinted supplement, so skinny that they look as if a slight push would break their bones into pieces. And over the dead children, the women cry, not loudly as they do here, where life is held in greater value, but in whimpers and moans.

Asks SWAFFER

Three Moves Late!

Delhi was blamed. Whitehall was blamed. Local officials, white and brown, were blamed.

"Throughout the unfolding of this tragedy," said the *Statesman* on August 29, "Authority seems to have been at least three moves behind events.

"Thoughtful Britons must realise that so long as their nation, their Parliament and their Secretary of State maintain responsibility for India's welfare, the ultimate blame rests upon themselves."

Yet, although there was a shortage of transport, race-horses were moved about for racing! There was a Black Market; but, often, only small fines were imposed.

"Those who withhold foodstock from the public in the hope of enriching themselves," declared the *Statesman* on September 9, "are, in a soulless negative fashion, slaughterers of the poor."

Yet, on September 12, a Central Government spokesman complained that Bengal's distress had been "over-dramatised." He meant that photographs of the dead and dying had been published. Always blame the Press!

"There are reasons for believing that the dread words 'starvation' and 'corpse' have not yet appeared in the British newspapers except through bureaucratic oversight," said the *Statesman* on September 14.

"Famine is not officially recognised to exist." Silence in Whitehall will only be interpreted as inspired by an unworthy hope of shielding departmental or personal reputations from criticism. But the facts will become known whatever may be the efforts of authority to stop expression thereof in print."

Smug Speeches

Even a month later, on October 14—this after leader after leader had indicated the confusion and the refusal to shoulder responsibility — the *Statesman* declared that "Mr. Amery's speeches would be more acceptable were they less habitually smug." Amery had not made one admission of misjudgment or error!

Worse, even when Calcutta's death-roll reached four times the average, Government food-shops were closed for three days out of eight and the civil administration—during the worst crisis in the city's history!—enjoyed one more general holiday in one month than is allowed in Britain during the entire year!

As for India's responsibility, "the religious susceptibilities and practices which half paralysed the governmental function of Bengal for 15 days are hers, not Britain's."

Well, then Casey was sent to Bengal.

He, in his first broadcast, declared that famine would not return. Yet rice is more than three times the price it was on the eve of the famine last year.

Where are the grounds for complacency?

★What happens to a girl who puts her money on a little learning?

All Things To All Men

THE Boss never looked twice at Muriel until it dawned on him that she knew all the answers. There was really nothing to look twice *at*. Muriel was only the girl who banged the typewriter keys about. You dictated your stuff and got on with what you were doing.

Muriel wasn't scenery, and she knew it.

However, there are more roads than one if you want to get to Rome.

The Boss was stuck for a word one day, and Muriel supplied it. This astonished the Boss. He put a question or two to her and was astonished twice in one morning. Yes, Muriel knew all the answers.

She *wasn't* only the girl who banged the typewriter keys about. She was a girl who actually knew all about a man's job.

She wasn't the twittering sort who talked about the films all day long and said "Ever so" ten times in every minute. She really was a girl who understood a man's work. She was a phenomenon.

So the Boss looked at her twice and began to wonder. And the next morning Muriel put roses in a little vase on his desk.

Single to Rome. . . .

Unfortunately, something came unstuck. The Boss put a question to her one day and the answer was wrong. They had an argument. The Boss put other questions, and again the answers were wrong.

The Boss was astonished for the third time. Muriel *didn't* know all the answers.

So the roses vanished off his desk and the Boss's interest wandered and he didn't look at her any more.

And before you knew where you were the Boss had married a twittery one who said "Ever so" ten times in every minute. And Muriel looked for another job.

The two or three little books she'd bought about the Boss's business, in order to talk to him on equal terms, she wrote off as a dead loss and put on the fire

Her next job was with the Professor, who was writing a book on Italian Art.

That was enough for Muriel. She spent an hour in the biggest bookshop in the district and came away with two or three volumes and swotted it up as hard as she could go.

For Muriel, you see, although she didn't know all the answers, knew all the tricks. If you can't be looked at, be listened to

Another thing: you don't have to be ninety, with a beard a yard long, to be a professor and know all about Italian Art. He was thirty-five and *somebody* would snap him up before long.

It dawned on him after a few weeks that Muriel wasn't the silly sort and that there was more to her than just a talent for banging typewriter keys about. He found that he could talk to her about Italian Art.

So he did. And one morning Muriel put roses in a little vase on his desk. And two nights later they had dinner at a quiet little restaurant he knew.

And Muriel was all set for Rome again. But unfortunately something came unstuck.

In the middle of a pleasant argument on the Early and Middle Periods Muriel's face went blank. She didn't know. You'd only got to look at her to tell.

The Professor had mentioned, more or less in brackets, Vermeer, and Muriel, looking half-knowing, had said, "Let me see, now, wasn't he Early?"

Which made the Professor sit up.

"He wasn't Italian at all," he said.

She spent an hour in the biggest bookshop in the district and came away with two or three volumes and swotted them up as hard as she could go

"I was only pointing out a certain similarity—— Good gracious, Muriel, didn't you *know*?"

And that's when her face went blank and the Awful Truth began to dawn on the Professor. He asked her this and he asked her that, and before you could say knife, as it were, he had rumbled her game.

And the roses went from his desk and Muriel went from his office. You may be a Professor and know all about Italian Art, but you don't like to have your leg pulled.

Pretending to know all about Italian Art, in order to get your interest and make you take her out to dinner, and . . . and goodness knows what. Disgraceful.

So Muriel became secretary to Mr. Bardly.

MR. BARDLY bought and sold tea, and you wouldn't think that gave anybody much scope. But it's surprising what books you can get on tea, its cultivation, and its marketing, so that it wasn't very long before Mr. Bardly was saying to himself, "That's a dashed smart girl."

It wasn't very long before he was leaving this and that to her. It wasn't very long before he was wondering how he was going to get on for the rest of his life without her. That is, and stay solvent.

It wasn't very long before there were roses on his desk one fine morning.

It wasn't very long before things went wrong.

"But, damn it, Muriel," he said wearily one day, waving a cancelled order in front of her, "surely you knew *that*? I thought you knew everything about tea."

And she didn't like to tell him that she only knew three books' worth; just enough to get her to the point of putting roses on his desk . . . and hoping.

And when several more things went wrong Mr. Bardly, very unfairly, lost his temper, and Muriel went out and looked for another job.

The Mining Engineer, the Egyptian Excavator, the Clerk to the Borough Council, the Advertising Expert. . . . Job followed job, book followed book for swotting purposes, rose followed rose in little vases, in went Muriel—and out.

And then she was thirty and gave it up. She put Men, in her mind, on the dust-heap, and left the game to the twittery ones who could never say anything but "Ever so."

Short Story

She knew lots of answers but not all the answers. She knew all the tricks but she wasn't scenery. What was the use?

Exit Muriel from the Great Game.

Enter Winton Cleeve.

It sounds a lot, as a name. Winton Cleeve. It looks a lot on paper. But you wouldn't have called Winton Cleeve himself an outsize in anything if you'd seen him.

He was turned thirty and wore glasses. He had no idea about clothes. He had nothing to say.

He took the little back room on the second floor and kept out of everybody's way.

Muriel saw him once or twice, but she never got much farther than "Good morning."

She did a bit of wondering now and again, but only in a vague way. Mrs. Winton Cleeve. . . . It did *sound* good. But when all you can get a man to say is "Good morning," what is the use of a bit of wondering?

And then one day Winton Cleeve wanted a stamp and had to come downstairs to see if anybody could oblige him with one. Which got him into the sitting-room and talking to Muriel's mother.

HE got the stamp, but he got an earful, too, because if there was one thing Muriel's mother could do it was talk.

He tried to get away, but it was useless. He tried to change the subject. He fiddled about with books on the bookshelves.

"Italian Art?" he said, picking out one or two of the dog-eared ones. "Who's interested in Italian Art *here*?"

"Ah!" said Muriel's mother. "That's Muriel—My daughter. A very clever girl, Muriel. Yes, she knows all about Italian Art."

"Really?" said Winton Cleeve. "How remarkable."

And when Muriel heard about this afterwards she wondered if perhaps all her Wasted Past had not been wasted. Very strange how things turned out sometimes. You scattered seeds here and there and flowers came up in the most unlikely corners.

That night she took her dog-eared books on Italian Art to bed with her.

But the trouble with Winton Cleeve was that he was as shy as they're made, and instead of having a heart-to-heart talk with her on the Early and Late Periods next day (as Muriel had hoped) he kept out of her way, and she didn't see him for three weeks.

In fact, Muriel's hope had faded to a dingy white when suddenly Winton Cleeve appeared with something in a brown paper parcel. Shy men need real excuses, and the end of the three weeks brought Easter.

"It's a little picture," he said. "Easter present. I thought you might appreciate it."

It was a reproduction of an Italian master, one of the best of the Early Period, and Muriel positively purred.

"I shall always prefer the Early Period," she said.

"More surge about it," said Winton Cleeve.

"That's what I've always thought," Muriel agreed.

And they had the most delightful talk about the Early Period, and how it knocked the Late Period to nothing, until somebody else wanted to use the staircase and they had to move.

But the ice was broken, and was Muriel happy? She could have kissed Fate for throwing the Professor in her way during those wasted years that hadn't been wasted at all.

Life's Many Occasions

THERE are many occasions in life and we meet each as they require. For a sad occasion we do not put on vestments of gay attire. For glad occasions we do not don the sombre and mourning cloak, and for silent occasions how bold the tongue would be that loudly spoke!

Thus do we strive to equip ourselves for the hour's need, wearing the motley of happiness or in grief, the quiet weed. And for the occasion of war we pin on adventure's flash, and the rainbow cloth of frivolity become shreds of coloured trash.

SO when the occasion of peace comes in like an unstemmed tide, we will wear the demeanour of victory, the light of which none can hide. And we'll wear it with one resolve, that as we've fought for the common good, so the greatest occasion of all will be, that of man's brotherhood.

J. M.

By Will Scott

One day Winton and Muriel went to an exhibition of Italian Art and talked Italian Art all the way home.

One evening they went out to dinner in a quiet little restaurant and talked Italian Art half the time.

One afternoon Winton turned up with a rose, and they didn't talk Italian Art at all.

And one morning they were married.

Which just shows you, girls.

You may not be much as scenery. But so long as you've got your brains. . . .

There are men, you know, who want more than twittering to fill their lives.

There are men who will shudder and run if you say "Ever so" once more than a hundred times.

Brains. Find out what they want. Know something about it.

Know all the answers.

"Happy?" said Muriel to Winton, that first day of their honeymoon.

Because she thought he seemed worried.

"Yes," said he, after a pause. And she couldn't help noticing the pause.

"Then, what?" she asked.

"I've always been such a shy man," he answered. "For weeks I wanted to speak to you, and I couldn't bring myself to it."

"Does it matter now, darling?" said Muriel.

"I *hope* it doesn't," said Winton. "But what's on my mind all the time, you see, is that I had to fake it."

"Fake it?"

"And I know I shall keep on being miserable until I confess, because I'm made that way. Yes, fake it, to get to know you. I knew you'd never listen twice to a fool—never look at him twice. Not a woman with your brains. And—well, you see, I'm afraid I'm a bit of a fool."

"Fake it?" Muriel repeated.

"You see," said Winton, "I don't really know a thing about Italian Art. It—it bores me to tears. But when I knew it was your pet line, I—well, I bought two or three books on the subject and swotted it up as hard as I could go."

HUMAN MACHINE

Diplomacy

To do the big thing in the big way is not the most difficult art in life. The most difficult art is to do the little thing in the big way. It is by no means everybody who can do that.

From one point of view life is dull. Always it is a question of shouldering responsibility, keeping worry at bay, taking the rough with the smooth, bearing up in the face of troubles and set-backs, grinning—and bearing it.

It is done, every day, by thousands; but it takes doing.

Nobody calls them heroes—but there's often as much cold courage put into winning the battle of life as into the winning of a V.C. on a battlefield.

The poet Browning once said he was thankful that he could be "crossed and thwarted like a man." "And so I live, you see," he wrote.

"Go through the world, try, prove, reject; prefer, still struggling, to effect my warfare; happy that I can be crossed and thwarted like a man, not left in God's contempt apart, with ghastly smooth life, dead at heart."

Life often hands out compulsions beyond our choice; but it also has its adventures. If we submit to the discipline of the former, we shall not fail to find the latter.

Our Special Commissioner Finds that—

Firemen Have Cause to Complain

Men like this saved burning cities by night and by day

"MY old man's a fireman. He puts out fires," sang that great music-hall comedian, the late Harry Welldon.

Members of that newest fire-fighting force known as the N.F.S. don't mind putting out fires. It is the time-wasting antics that go in between that get their goat.

For instance, a brigade that had been on duty all the previous day was called out to an imaginary fire just before dusk the next day.

They'd hardly got boots and tunics off on their return than the sirens went—and they had real work to do for the rest of the night.

Both we and the Fire Brigades' Union have received many such complaints.

They show that men have often been reduced to exhaustion by unnecessary exercises round about the time that "Jerry" is due over.

WASTED PETROL

Four divisions recently complained that men and tenders were covering 70 miles every day to listen to platitudinous lectures that taught them nothing they didn't know already.

In another area, fifty vehicles were regularly being called to exercises which every man concerned in them knew to be totally unnecessary.

A lecture which you have heard over and over again is unnecessary, after all.

There have been cases where fire brigade appliances have been useless when the German bombers have come—because petrol has been issued so sparingly that the batteries were too low to start the engines.

Yet again and again this precious fuel has been squandered to suit the vanity of text-book lecturers whose "dope" is as well known to the average fireman as it is to themselves.

Twelve firemen recently refused to go out on a suddenly convened exercise with full kit, pumps and other vehicles because they said it was sheer play-acting not likely to improve their efficiency as firemen one bit.

Our own belief is that people should carry out orders—even crazy orders—and seek their remedy afterwards.

They can, indeed, do much more good for their cause that way.

Yet in all fairness you've got to try to understand the man who dislikes playing at firemen—as long as he makes his protest in the proper way.

And where does the fire service get some of those young instructors who lecture so airily and loftily to fully trained and battle-seasoned men?

One hears of drivers with many years of first-class experience going into the service.

They have to parade and listen to elementary stuff of the kind they mastered in their first six months of driving.

Many of them long for a chance to teach their teachers—but it doesn't come their way.

JOHN BULL was Britain's first pioneer of a fire service that should be truly national

So we have particular reason to hope that the whole tremendous idea isn't killed by a lack of common-sense.

For instance, we hear of N.F.S. cars spending three days touring districts to pay men their all-too-meagre wages—when the money might just as well be sent by registered letters to the officers in charge.

In one place a tender makes four journeys a day taking four men to their remote post, bringing them back to lunch, taking them to the post again for the afternoon, and then returning them for the evening.

Yet there is a bus service available that would do quite as well.

We hear, too, of reductions in the billeting allowances of certain firemen who are transferred from one part of the country to another so that we can more efficiently prosecute the war against Hitler.

PENSION TROUBLE

Why there shouldn't be a fixed scheme of payment for all parts of the country passes my comprehension.

Then there's the matter of pensions in respect of men of the N.F.S who lose their lives.

Pension is considered in all cases except where a man is on leave or on his way to or from his home and his depot—which seems both a foolish and unfair distinction

And, finally, there is a complaint from certain finance committees of local authorities—who have to foot the bill for these fire-fighting services.

They protest that, although they are responsible to the ratepayers, there is no check on the moneys they must pass and pay in regard to the N.F.S.

I have stood by the elbows of the N.F.S. men in the *blitzes*. I know of what stuff they are made. I know that not only did they save London, but scores of other towns and cities as well

It is sufficient that they should do such fine work at such damnably low wages. But it is ludicrous that they should be hampered in that work by treatment which wouldn't be justified even in the case of young schoolchildren.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Albert Smith, Foss Gate, York, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. award. Information he sent me proved most interesting.

Letters are welcomed on any matter calling for enquiry relating to a suspected ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Don't Let Them Into Your House

NOW there is a fresh "wave" of crime in which the central figures are small-time crooks.

Several men, whose names are so far unknown, who posed as members of the Criminal Investigation Department of a provincial police force, arrived recently at a small general stores and asked to see the proprietor.

By some means they had found out that he was out of town for the day.

They said he was under suspicion of cheating the Revenue authorities, and, frightening his wife, they ransacked the till and took away "for inspection and inquiry" everything they could carry following their "official search" of the house. Then they vanished and police officers, now searching for them, believe them to be men who have worked in the same way in other places.

★ ★ ★

ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT GENUINE POLICE OFFICERS OF EVERY RANK CARRY OFFICIAL AUTHORISATION CARDS WITH THEM.

Bogus "Customs' Officers" are also being sought for. They have plenty of opportunity in these days of shortage of wines and spirits to bamboozle the proprietors of clubs and licensed premises. In certain cases, by threatening to report their victims, they have got away with money and goods, on the pretence that licensing offences have been committed.

There is a growth, too, in the ranks of bogus but uniformed officers and Servicemen who rob victims—mostly women—in different ways.

★ ★ ★

A case in point is that of a certain "Paddy Mackenzie," who has been going about for some time telling people on whom he has imposed that he has had nearly 70 operational flights.

Then there are the bogus A.R.P. officials who call when husbands are at work, ask for them by name, and say that they have ordered sand and cement for air-raid precautionary measures.

It had been arranged to deliver it in the evening, but, as a lorry was not available, it has to be delivered in the afternoon, and payment is demanded at once. Several women have innocently parted with "payments" up to £3.

This list includes bogus gas and electricity collectors, who read meters and then demand cash in settlement "as we are so short of staff"; people who call in the name of non-existent associations and pretend that, for a fee, they can influence the Service authorities to get men released, brought nearer home or granted extensive leave.

All reputable charity organisations undertake this work for nothing, and their methods are quite different.

Please avoid dealing with these people.

Lessons learned in emergency Army operations will help civilians, too

Men in White

By JOHN CASHEL

IN their grim job of "saving life to destroy life," Britain's doctors are now making discoveries to benefit not only the soldier of to-day but all mankind to-morrow.

Ten of the Army's specialists with whom I discussed the matter agree in placing war time medical progress and the peace time advantages likely to result in this order:

First—Psychiatry. At the fronts, this mind-healing art is curing men of battle neuroses; at home, it is helping people below mental par, and is fitting the right men and women in the right jobs.

Secondly—Physical Medicine. It has its Development Centres for sub-standard recruits, and its Convalescent Centres for making broken-down soldiers fit again.

Thirdly—New Drugs and the development of others like mepacrine for malaria and the sulphonamides.

Civilians will Benefit

"All these open up new vistas of health-care after the war," one specialist told me.

"Experience in the Army has disrupted doctors' views. Generally there is a Youth and Age cleavage.

"The older men are apt to say, 'If this is State medicine, then heaven help us.' Most of the younger men argue, 'If this can be done in the Army, then let's do it after the war.'

"I am one of many responsible for training doctors the old way. Now I have changed my ideas."

In consequence, doctors of to-morrow will pay more attention to the patient. They will study the care of his mind and body, instead of bothering only about disease.

Take psychiatry. We have psychiatric help provided all the way from the primary training centres to the battle-fronts.

One with the Eighth Army is getting back to the front in a few days 50 per cent of soldiers suffering from nerve strain under the stress of battle.

The minority of "incurables" are being fitted into other posts for which they are better suited. Few men are wasted.

In the last world war, many would have been wrongly labelled "Shell shock," and would probably have been sufferers for the rest of their lives.

No man or woman in the wrong job can give of their best and be happy. Mind-study can help fit them in the right one, just as it is doing with our fighting men.

Physical Medicine describes the other advance in war medicine. It is doing for the physique what psychiatry does for the mind.

Every Army recruit below standard, if his disabilities can be remedied, is sent to a Physical Development Centre. Perhaps his defect arises from under-feeding or under-development, or he may have flat feet or spinal curvature. Well, he is given special exercises and treatment to set him right.

If he is going into the infantry, tanks, paratroops, he will get different exercises to fit him for those jobs.

Another side of physical medicine is "rehabilitating" (ugly new word!) the broken-down sick and injured from the field forces.

They are turned into "new men." Then they are reassessed either for a return to their old jobs or others for which they may be better fitted.

All this experience will help enormously in health-care after the war.

The Ministry of Labour, as a first experiment, has built a rehabilitation centre at Egham; the Ministries of Health and Education are interested.

In schools of the future, likely enough, doctors trained in the new methods will examine every child for the prevention and correction of physical defects.

The model hospital should aim at keeping people healthy as well as nursing them when they are ill. It may give extended service even beyond that.

If, say, it puts a man's heart right, it may send him afterwards to a rehabilitation centre to complete the cure, and—if necessary—fit him for a new life.

A postman who loses a foot is no longer any good for a walking job; he must be trained for another job.

And what the Army is doing for the soldier can be done for the civilian.

Now turn to Surgery.

A penicillin research unit with the Eighth Army is trying the new drug on various types of wounds, so that with the small supply available it can be used where it does most good.

Standardisation

It is expected to reduce the risks of secondary infection, the cause of so many weeks' or months' delay before wounds are healed. If so, it will prove a boon to victims of factory and road accidents after the war.

War has revealed much about burns, particularly the error of too much early local treatment without first attending to shock.

In wound shock, the evidence gained from battle is that whole-blood transfusion is not always as good as plasma—blood without corpuscles.

Improved technique in plastic and maxillo-facial surgery will benefit people with severe face injuries from road and other accidents.

Risk of peritonitis in abdominal operations has been reduced by temporarily short-circuiting the large intestine to minimise septicæmia.

Surgeons are now investigating the factors which make a man go downhill when he has a chronically suppurating wound, the causes of loss of appetite and weight, anæmia, and so on.

Those universal enemies, the common cold and 'flu, have so far not budged before the onslaught of war time medicine.

But another widespread foe, malaria, has lost ground.

Mepacrine, the British development of atabrin, taken in small daily doses, has proved a better preventive than quinine. It saves a man from getting malignant malaria, the fatal kind.

One British soldier in every ten wears glasses. The real surprise is the number of healthy-living farm labourers who couldn't see to read when tested for the Army.

School eye examination should be universal after the war. At present a council schoolboy may be examined and given glasses, but many a public school-boy scholar may be blind and stay blind!

The Army has insisted on X-ray apparatus being standardised and mass-produced, with ample spares which can be stored on the spot and quickly fitted in Iceland, Burma, Bagdad, or anywhere else.

Standardisation and mass production mean cheapness. No small impoverished hospital need go begging for X-ray apparatus in the new health-care era after the war.

Thanks to Britain's Warriors in White!

★ **If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).**

Lessons in parenthood are common now — but why not lessons for marriage itself?

THE Government is anxious to promote more adult educatio and certainly most of us cou do with it.

We need enlightening about the dut of citizenship if we are to use our vo intelligently. Our lives would be rich if we were taught to appreciate the be in music, art and literature. Above a we need to learn the art of living.

"Has it ever struck you," asks a wom reader, "that more than anything el we need educating for marriage? . . .

"The thought has been brought ho to me because three of my friends see to be making a sad hash of their ma riages, yet they were all terribly keen being married.

"One of them is longing for childre but after four years she has given hope of ever having one. Another h changed from a carefree girl into bundle of nerves, and is developing into continuous nagger.

"The third would be happy if s could get on with her in-laws, but I kn her in-laws are reasonable people in other ways.

"Don't you think, Humanist, th much of the misery could be remedied?

The answer is that it is never too la but prevention is better than cure, an much of the disharmony in married li could be avoided by preparation befor hand.

Only the other day I had a long ta with Dr. Mace, the secretary of t

Where the Customer is Always Right!

HAIRDRESSERS are the most agreeable men in the world. They see your point of view at once. And if the next man comes along with a completely different point of view they see *his* point of view at once.

If you tell a hairdresser that it is hot for the time of the year, he will wipe his brow and nod and say that he's almost forgotten what it is to have a breath of fresh air.

★ ★ ★

On the other hand, if you tell him it is cold for the time of the year, he will shiver and say: "Do you know, that's just what I'm thinking."

You've never met a hairdresser who flung down his brush and thumped the bowl in front of you and shouted: "You're a liar! It isn't cold. It's the hottest day of the year. Why do you come in here with your damned silly stories?"

Sitting in my hairdresser's, waiting my turn, I have heard my hairdresser agreeing, with various customers, that it is hotter, colder, brighter, more depressing, just what the tomatoes want and no good for the tomatoes.

I wonder why hairdressers get like this?

Perhaps because their natures are never blighted by the prospect of getting rich quickly by their craft. If you can turn out a can of sausage meat then you can turn out a million cans of sausage meat. Given the how-to, you can do it in a week.

But you can't mass-produce the hair off a man's head.

Therefore, you can't make a fortune out of hairdressing, and every hairdresser knows it, and is resigned to the fact, and money doesn't enter into it very much. Certainly it doesn't get a chance to sour a hairdresser's nature.

The mere thought of money has soured many a man's nature. But of all th mere thoughts that enter a hairdresse head this isn't one.

★ ★ ★

It goes deeper than this, of cour Perhaps people who are born wantin to make money are born cantankero And perhaps people who are born n wanting to make money are born agre able. So that when they are growing t they say to their fathers: "Pa, wh can I do to earn not much of a livin It's time I was taking life serious How can I not get on very far?"

And perhaps their fathers say: "W . . . let me think. You'd better becom a hairdresser."

Maybe that's it. Not that hairdresse become amiable people, but that amiab people become hairdressers.

Whatever it is, I think hairdresse are the most amiable race in the wor

A. G.

School For Husbands and Wives?

Marriage Guidance Council," who told e that 10 per cent. of marriages are ildless in this country.

There are many causes of infertility, d the majority of them can be reme-ed. In 25 per cent. of the cases the ilure is in the husband; yet it rarely curs to a man to consult a doctor.

The "Marriage Guidance Council" elieve that all young couples need some reparation before marriage, and that hen marriages go awry it is often pos-ible to find a cure.

At present they are working in Lon-on, but a time will come when there ill be branches all over the country.

It is not enough for the bride-to-be to tudy cookery and mothercraft; she eeds to learn how she can achieve uccess as a wife.

"I am thirty-five years of age and ave never had a man-friend," says nother reader, "but I have plenty of omen friends and always get on well ith them.

"I am one of a family of four girls, d when younger I was awfully shy of enfolk. I have met them in business, f course, but only as acquaintances. wo of my sisters are travelling the same nely road as myself. . . .

"Sometimes I dread the thought of ing forwards and backwards from an ffice for another thirty years. Still, I uppose there will always be surplus omen—women without that certain lamour. Is there such a thing as sex-ppeal?"

NDOUBTEDLY there is such a thing as sex appeal, but it has had dif-erent names in different centuries.

A girl may possess it and attract men ound her like flies round a honey-pot, nd she may (or may not) have the lents for making a good wife.

Thousands of women with all the omestic virtues have been overlooked ogether.

Is it any wonder that they often form low opinion of men's common-sense?

Still, we have to realise that many omen prefer another kind of career and ould refuse an offer of marriage if it ame. And so long as we have wars like he present there cannot be enough men o go round.

A young soldier wants to know if a ife should divorce her husband because f a single lapse in war time. It is a ersonal problem.

"My only excuse is that I was very attle-weary," he writes. "Surely if her ve for me was as great as I thought e would be able to forgive? . . .

It is so easy to say "forgive and for-et," but some people seem constitu-onally unable to do this whole-eartedly. They continue to brood until e inner life is poisoned.

To my way of thinking, the most im-ortant thing is to *understand* human ature—to realise how easily it can go rong, and how little it means in nine-en cases out of twenty.

The subject is one about which the hurch feels intensely, yet the central eme of the Christian religion is the ity of forgiveness.

The young soldier is penitent; he ves his wife sincerely; but he can't help ondering whether her feeling for him merely possessiveness.

Is her love for him big, generous and nderstanding? Or is it the other sort?

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

You have to be both tough and alert to fight in Burma!

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

AFTER a spell of fighting in Burma, Sig. W. A. Backhouse finds time to describe conditions, in a letter to his wife at Burges Road, East Ham, London, E.6:

If I had been able to write during the last fortnight, my address would have been: "No Man's Land, Burma." From which you can gather that I have been doing a spot of work in the forward out-posts, where we have been giving the Japs something to think about, and showing them what the R.A. can do.

The Japs, who were not far away, were dug in, and on the surrounding hills, and we got to our positions by devious ways, the last stages invariably having to be made on foot, which is a tiring business.

I carry my working equipment strapped to my back. It was fairly straightforward for the first part of our trek, but later the rising ground led into dense undergrowth, which made pro-gress both slow and difficult. Eventu-ally, we had to hack our way through the jungle. . . . The topmost slopes were very sandy and the gradient so steep that I found myself crawling three yards upwards, and slipping back two!

To guard against mosquito bites, we smear our hands, arms and faces at night with a thick layer of anti-mosquito cream, so that I have now some idea what you feel like when you "prepare to be a beautiful lady," using liberal dabs of vanishing cream. There is this difference, our cream does not "vanish" but gets coated over with the sand that blows.

But our main concern is not the im-possible task of making ourselves beautiful, but of getting the better of those . . . mosquitoes, to say nothing of the Japs. We are swotting them, too!

Sergeant and Ju-Ju

Serving in Nigeria, an officer en-counters "Ju-Ju," the West African Black Magic, and writes to a friend at Birch Street, Jarrow, Co. Durham:

You have doubtless heard of the "Ju-Ju" men of Nigeria, who are said to be able to cast spells over people.

One of their favourite ideas is to stick pins into dolls, which represent any person to whom they wish to do harm. The "victim" suffers pain in those exact parts, where the "Ju-Ju" man sticks his pins into the doll.

This seems far-fetched, I know, but we had the curious case of a very smart sergeant who had a quarrel with a local black magician, who threatened to put "Ju-Ju" on him.

The sergeant laughed about it, but from that day he gradually went to pieces, eventually losing rank and almost everything else.

Nothing went right for him, and to-day we are waiting for a conveyance so that he can be taken away and placed under medical observation, as his mind seems to be going.

It is all very queer. There is nothing in this Black Magic nonsense, of course, but the case of the sergeant does make one think.

Hungry Men

After two years with the Eighth Army, Pte. F. Burke, R.A.S.C., makes two complaints. He writes to his wife at Derbyshire Avenue, Stret-ford, Manchester:

Those cigarettes issued to us were a damned disgrace, and they gave the whole crowd of us sore throats, but as someone at home must be making a good profit out of this rubbish, who are we to grumble?

We still get some of these appalling gaspers, but happily some American cigarettes are getting through to us, and they are made of tobacco, which is a nice change.

Our other grouse is about N.A.A.F.I. Every night we find ourselves as hungry as hunters, so we go along to the N.A.A.F.I. to get something to eat. We get a saucer of chips, a cup of tea, and a roll, and this simple meal costs us 1s. 1d. There is just about a penny-worth of chips, and the tea is like water. Seven evening meals a week costs what seems to us like a fortune.

I am not suggesting that all N.A.A.F.I.s indulge in this shameless profiteering, there may be exceptions.

Jungle March

Strange journeys and strange people are the main theme of a letter from Pte. A. Pugh, India Command, to his parents at Bibury Road, Gloucester:

What journeyings! Seventeen days in a train with no cushions, and four days on a paddle-steamer, with the heat, the flies, and the rain were no picnic.

Then there was a march that I shall never forget, lasting only fifteen hours, but through jungle so wild that it seemed that we must have been the first men to penetrate this wild country.

. . . I was with a party of men that entered a village in the —— Hills, and we were the first white men that the natives had ever seen.

They didn't seem to like our looks; children ran screaming before us, while the women scurried into their houses which were built on poles some 12 ft. from the ground.

They peered furtively from their doors, while a few tired soldiers, armed to the teeth, parleyed with their husbands, who at first seemed un-friendly. However, we soon won their smiles by giving them "gaspers," and hired a guide for whose services we paid a packet of ten cigarettes.

So we walked out of that jungle para-dise loaded with fruit, and leaving our native friends coughing their hearts up with our "gaspers."

Sailors Milk Cows

A sailor ashore crams a lot of en-joyment into forty-eight hours' leave. Stoker R. Newey, H.M.S. ——, writes to his parents at Charles Street, Burton-on-Trent:

Well, you would be surprised where we turned up this time. A lovely place and the people were very hospitable. We had forty-eight hours' leave, so a Lon-don chap and myself went into the country to stay with some very nice people.

The food was good and we slept in real beds out on a verandah. Then up in the morning early we were out helping to feed 1,800 fowls and milking the cows before breakfast.

That's the life! Our leave seemed very short.

NO DUMPING-GROUND

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

IT seems some people still imagine that the Red Duster is a good cover for scallywags.

By no means the only recent example of its kind was the "sen-tence" passed recently at a Quarter Sessions. Pleading guilty to theft, a prisoner was told: "You have a bad record, *but we will give you one more chance.* If at the next ses-sions it is reported you have joined the Merchant Navy nothing more will happen. But if you have not done so . . . you will come back here for sentence."

To not-so-eminent people who appear to believe that the high pro-fession of British sea transport is a dumping-ground for social misfits, Forum gives this reminder:

The men of the Merchant Navy have been called upon to provide ships for the final thrust for Victory, and the response was 100 per cent. No misfits about this vast job!

Paying tribute once more to mer-chant seamen, the Prime Minister has stated:

"We never call on them in vain, and we are confident that they will continue to play their part in carry-ing our men and their equipment and munitions to any place that may be required and under whatever condi-tions may exist at the time."

These conditions are purely war time measures, and "conditions" will *not* become the peg in after years for seamen to hang their complaints on. Not if FORUM can help it!

As the International Sea-farers' Conference declared last December:—

"The best guarantee for the realisation of the better future promised lies in the existence of powerful and militant trade unions solidly united internationally and capable of ensuring the realisation of the rightful claims of the seafarers."

And seafarers' letters to us prove how much-discussed are the ques-tions of post-war conditions.

Well, we can give the news that shipowners' and seamen's organisa-tions have drafted a scheme for con-tinuous employment, and the plan has been for some time before the National Maritime Board.

It is now being considered together with the general Social Security scheme under examination by Government experts.

MORTGAGE INTEREST REDUCED

The rate of interest on new mortgages of houses, owner occupied or let to tenants, has been reduced to

4½%

and the rate on existing mortgages of similar securities is also reduced to 4½% from the 1st February, 1944, until further notice.

Apply for Homebuying leaflet.

HALIFAX

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

GENERAL MANAGER: F. E. WARBRECK HOWELL, LL.D.
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Post war

KERSHAW

SOHO CAMERAS will be

Better than ever

VICTORY RIDES...

WITH **ABERDALE** PRECISION BUILT CYCLES

ABERDALE CYCLE CO LTD EDMONTON LONDON N18

Half-health's no good in the Navy! There's a job to be done and it needs fitness to do it.
every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

The Good-tempered

SHEFFIELD

BLADE

It isn't possible to make a better razor blade than the Laurel. Only the finest Sheffield steel is used for these blades, which are processed by the skilled workers in the 'home of the cutting edge.' Save as you shave and invest your shaving savings in War Savings Stamps.

LAUREL

Made by George Lawrence Ltd., of Sheffield

CVS-13

LAST LAUGH

F. M. (London, W.).—"A man arrested during a police raid on a gaming club near here was found to be wearing two shirts." That's taking the second front business a little too seriously.

PORTER (Crewe).—"The driver of a goods' train complained to me that women often go into their backyards and shout offensive remarks at him as he travels by." Well, housewives must get coal somehow?

G. L. (Frome).—"The majority of amateur gardeners could save a lot of time and trouble, and still get the same results." Such as throwing the pea-seed direct to the neighbour's fowls?

F. M. (Essex).—"I put out the incendiary bomb by throwing coal-dust over it." And to think that many of us have to try and light a fire with the stuff?

REAR GUNNER (R.A.F.).—"I celebrated my twenty-first birthday over Berlin." We wish you many happy returns on your subsequent visits.

D. N. (South East).—"A German pilot, who baled out over here, walked about the streets of this town nearly all night without being challenged." The local police evidently thought he was just another fugitive from Spring-cleaning?

D. F. (London).—"Of course, when you are in the army you miss a lot of your pals." Well, so long as you don't miss your enemies. . . .

T. P. (Retford).—"It is astonishing what marriage does for a man." And how.

F. T. (Luton).—"I aim to have the right to be recognised as a boxing champion at my weight." But you must have the left, too.

V. S. (Lambeth).—"To some men ordinary courtesy seems to have a touch of satire." As, for instance, when one asks a bailiff bent on distraint to take a chair.

G. L. (Luton).—"An American left instructions in his will for a humorous epitaph to be carved on his tombstone." The joke is on him.

G. K. (Highgate). — "Many people have radio sets in their bathrooms." Bashful announcers try not to think of this.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Say, buddy, got the time on yer?"

(Answer censored)

Side-Slips

MID-DEVON ADVERTISER: — "A sum of £287 has been invested to be used, for the purchase of beds after which the WAR will be given to the hospital in his memory."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"Yet listening to wireless crooners and singers of old-time MALADIES . . ."

EVENING STANDARD: — "The enemy is at bay and has no time to bury his HEAD . . ."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"He said: 'I didn't come to speak to a howling MOP.'"

NEWS CHRONICLE: — "Wearing his black beret and windjammer PACKET, General Montgomery . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

Betty

● You'd wonder how any woman with seven children could keep a house so bright and clean. And the children—they range in age from eighteen months to twelve years—are a credit to her.

But you won't find much in the house. There's nothing left that could be sold. Indeed, there wasn't even a halfpenny in the family purse when a JOHN BULL representative called at that little place in Leadenhall Street, Leicester.

You see, for years Mr. Greenwood couldn't work regularly owing to ill-health. And recently he became paralysed; probably he will never work again.

Mrs. Greenwood is trying to manage on £3 a week public assistance allowance. And you can tell what sort of woman she is by the fact that she is none the less trying to wipe out rent arrears of £19.

But it's a grim struggle. Particularly as another baby is expected in July.

We think you'll want us to help the Greenwoods—and other deserving families—in your name. We can do so if you send a donation to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking your envelope "War Sufferers."

We'll gladly send an acknowledgement, though we're grateful, too, for anonymous donations. All the money received is pooled and allocated fairly among the cases on our books—and all the administrative costs are borne by us.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

First Prize £200—"Bullets" 1,420 G. E. Martin, Ashton Lodge, Abercrombie St., Chesterfield, for this "Bullet":

LITTLE BIT OF BRITAIN CLOSED FOR EUROPEAN "ALTERATIONS."

£20: Mrs. J. McAllister, 66, Viewmount Drive, Glasgow. Peace-loving People—Even Germans! Odd Germans!

£10: Mrs. C. Smith, "Thornham," Laburnum Grove, Cleadon Village, Nr. Sunderland. Victory's Banquet—"Advance Bookings," Any Post-office.

£5: D. H. Fowler, New Rd., Onllwyn, Nr. Neath. On The Battlefield—Chaplain Crawling, Then Kneeling.

£4: Mrs. A. Varnes, 99, Botanic Rd., Liverpool. Victory's Banquet—Bread, Cheese—And Daddy!

£3: H. Stones, 14, Farnley Square, Ella St., Hull. Sound Of The Bagpipes—Endured, Jock's Worth It!

£2: F. Knighton, 32, Wellfield Rd., Preston. Sonny's Homework—"Plaistal" He Can't Finish.

£75 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

20s.: G. W. Meale, 34, Malvern Rd., Billingham. Little Bit Of Britain—On Battlefield, "Daisy, Daisy—"

20s.: J. E. Bonett, 13, Lansdown Cres., Bath. Modest Note—"I Only Expected Triplets!"

20s.: Mrs. J. Clarke, Bunny Bank, Leeming Lane, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts. Going To Berlin—Stalin, Without Dietzer's Summons!

20s.: W. Bobbett, "Littlefield," Bishopsteignton. On The Parade—Unnoticed, Cancelled Out The Parade—Unnoticed, Cancelled Squad!

20s.: G. Smith, 55, Folds Cres., Sheffield. In The Clouds—Goering, If Medals Discarded!

A list of 25 winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices: 1,250 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 400 PRIZES WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 162

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order E—K—D—A entered by following 17 competitors who thus share £25:—M. R. Beston, Newark Hill; Miss F. Broadbent, Blackpool; A. Brockley, Runcorn; T. Buckley, Blackpool; F. Carter, Edmonton; J. Clarke, Barrow-in-Furness; Mrs. Daniels, Hebburn-on-Tyne; Sgt. F. A. Frost, Somewhere-in-Britain; A. J. Harrison, Dunbinnan; A. McCarthy, Enfield; R. McNair, Inchinnan; A. Pearson, Brierley Hill; Mrs. A. F. Perrier, Kidlington; A. C. Robinson, Wigston; Miss K. Rush, Warwick; L. E. Webb, Birmingham; J. W. Wheatley, Liverpool.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 80 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order shown—2nd Runners-up Awards for 305 entrants with FIRST TWO.

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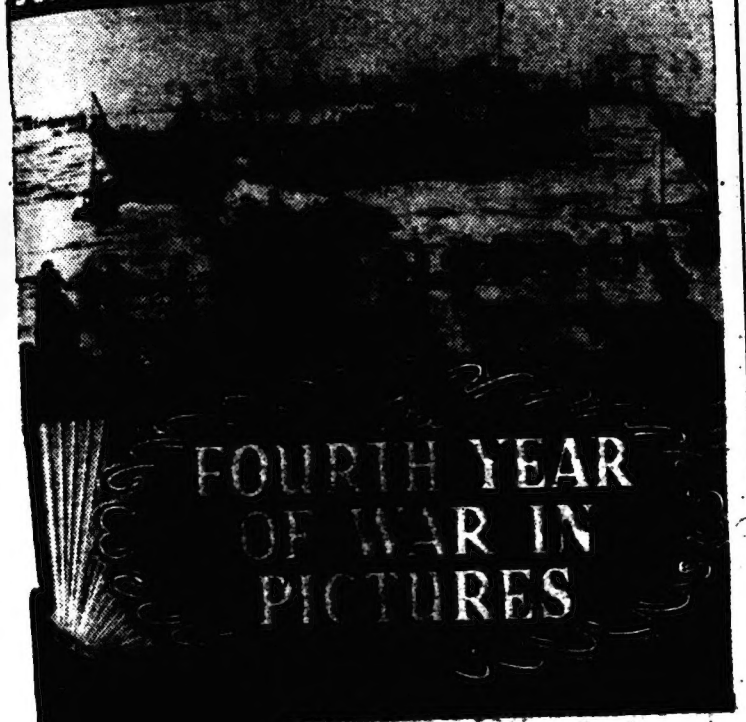
"John Bull's New Big Book Opportunity



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GOOD FOR Growing Children too

Because many growing children in these days need supplementary supplies of the essential B vitamins, of which Yeast is the richest natural source, many medical authorities advocate giving them Yestamin either in tablet or powder form. Yestamin is pure dried yeast in pleasant, palatable form, and has an exceptionally high protein content. It is *entirely free from drugs* and can safely be given even to infants. It is widely recognised as a grand food tonic for body and nerves, of great benefit to all, irrespective of age. Try it yourself for a month (at a cost of only a penny a day) and see what a difference it will make to you.

OF ALL CHEMISTS

YESTAMIN
VITAMIN YEAST
TABLETS & POWDER

1/1½d. & 2/- per bottle. | 1/1½d., 2/2d. & 4/- per tin.

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT

After a few applications . .

Germolene ASEPTIC OINTMENT checked his SKIN TROUBLE

Skin sufferers! If you need introducing to a treatment which has proved wonderfully successful—read this! "My brother unfortunately contracted skin trouble. He had treatment for seven weeks but the trouble got worse, the entire arm being red and inflamed. Then I thought of GERMOLENE, and with 6 days' treatment NOTHING COULD BE SEEN EXCEPT A SCAR OR TWO. Now, within ten days, GERMOLENE HAS CLEARED IT." Mrs. W.M.B., N.W.1. Get a tin of Germolene now! 1/4 and 2/8 including Purchase Tax.

GET GERMOLENE TODAY

For ECZEMA, IMPETIGO, PIMPLES, CUTS, BURNS, COLD SORES, BLISTERS, INFLAMMATION and CHAFING of the SKIN, etc.

Cuthbert's Present STONOR'S BUSH TOMATO

It Grows like a Bush!

THE GENUINE BUSH TOMATO, Stonor's Dwarf Gem, "grows like a bush," 2 ft. high, and all shoots, without staking, pruning or special attention.

CUTHBERT'S yield tests and trials convinced them that this Stonor's Bush Tomato outyielding the raiser claimed, giving exceptionally heavy crops of beautifully-shaped and coloured luscious of fine flavour, some bushes yielding as much as 10 lbs. of ripe fruit.

Make sure that you grow this unrivalled and revolutionary Tomato in your garden this season.

PLANTS OF STONOR'S DWARF GEM, individually pot grown from raiser's seed, carefully packed, 10/6 per doz., carriage and packing 1/-. For 3 doz. plants, carriage paid. Send your order now.

FREE.—Send for booklet giving full particulars and cultural instructions.

R. & G. CUTHBERT, 48, GOFF'S OAK, HERTS.
The Nation's Nurserymen since 1797

QUICK! EASY! AMUSING!

AGAIN this week you have Laugh-Lines Prizes value over £100 to try for. Start now by enjoying ten minutes or so with the amusing prize Bullets set below for this Contest.

All you do is to pick out the best four laughs, placing them in order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS as instructed on coupon below.

Post your entry not later than Monday, May 1, and a few days later a big John Bull cheque may well be your reward.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £100
£75 FIRST PRIZE
1st and 2nd RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value over £25

KWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing Award Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Stiegate Place, London, W.C.2.

A. Now We've A Baby—Next "Happy Event," Pram!
B. How He Escaped—Burglar "Pinched" Auntie's Cheek!
C. At The Sergeant's Wedding—Awkward Squad's Arch Collapsed!
D. Dad's Old Suit—Tweed—Smells Like Clyde!
E. Whitehall Moved And—Montgomery Received Firewatch Notice!
F. Mad Scramble—Our Men's "Warning" Starts!
H. Begging For Water—Tramp—Auntie Added Soap!
J. Regimental Goat—Fancy Calling It "Rose"!
K. When Dandy Gelled—Finished Three Suits Up!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES" ENTRY COLS. BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £75

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in columns of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with "Bullets" entry.

1ST							
2ND							
3RD							
4TH							

FEE 2d PER COL. 1s. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated May 13.

P.O. Value.... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, MAY 1.

166

OVER £60 'LAUGH LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the best being clear-cut, apt, and originality. Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Ties divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullets charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each five columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each five columns used. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross and also paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally consisted and service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated May 20, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

£100 CASH £25 PLUS RADIO BULLETS DOUBLED 1st. RADIO and CAKES!

OTHER PRIZES £10-£5-£4 2-2 3-1 each 25 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. Winners on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, May 12.

IN BRITAIN TO-DAY
ARMY OF EXPERTS
POLITICAL STORKS
IF I WERE WINSTON
GIRL IN THE FORCES
SEEING UNFAIR
NOT TAXED YET
JOB I'D LOVE
MAN WITH IDEAS
BREATH OF FRESH AIR

THE CRITICS
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE
OF COURSE
TAKES SOME DOING
MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE
LETTER FROM SONNY
THINGS BEGAN MOVING, SO
NO FUN
WITH A MIGHTY PUSH
WOMEN ARE WONDERFUL, BUT

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

BAD AND HIS.....
FEARING THE.....
WELCOME.....
BIT TOO.....
SHOWS HE'S NO.....
SILENCE OF THE.....

BULLETS 1,420 RESULT on page 14

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

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No.....
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